Vol. XCVIII.—No. 1276] MAY 30, 1928 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

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The BYSTANDER

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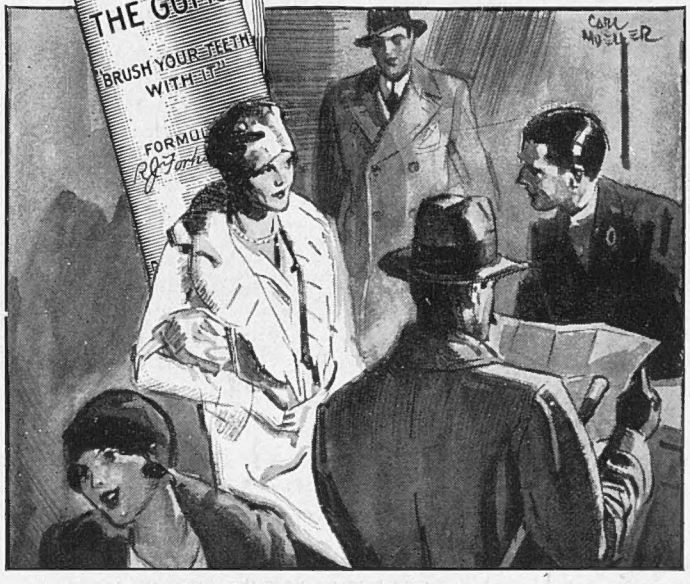

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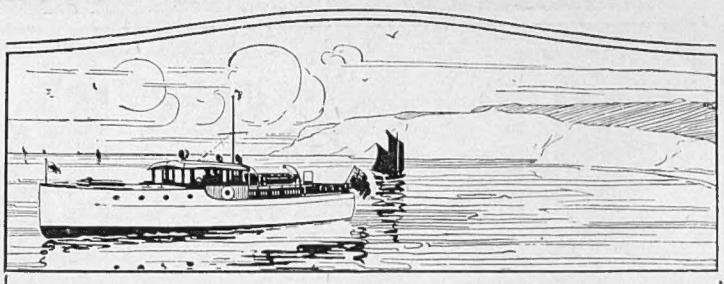

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The Bystander, May 30, 1928 No. 1276. Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

TUTOYONS-NOUS ?

BY NICK

AN ACADEMY PICTURE OF NOTE

THE TOILET

BY CHARLES H. SHANNON, R.A.

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WITH OFFICERS IN THE MAKING *Topical*

A photograph taken during the recent visit of the King to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. His Majesty is seen inspecting the Guard of Honour furnished by the gentlemen-cadets

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

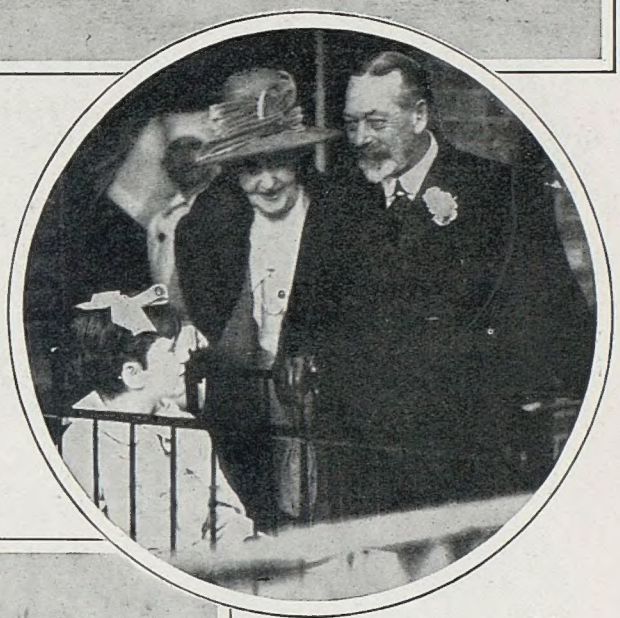
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Lord High Commissioner

THE EARL OF STAIR is the King's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland this year. During the sittings of the Assembly, which lasts nearly a fortnight, he and Lady Stair stay at Holyrood Palace where, as direct representatives of the King and Queen, they occupy the State apartments used by Their Majesties on their visits to Edinburgh.

Lord Stair, the twelfth holder of the earldom, is forty-eight, and, as a young man, achieved the unusual distinction of graduating both in law and medicine—which he studied together—at Edinburgh University. He has two places in Scotland, Lochinch, in Wigtownshire, and Oxenfoord Castle, near Dalkeith, in Midlothian. Lady Stair, who is a relative of the Earl of Rosse, is a fine amateur singer.

Both Lord Stair's father and grandfather held the office of Lord High Commissioner.



Q.P.

AMONG THE CHILDREN

His Majesty chatting to one of the little inmates of the Princess Louise Kensington Hospital, which Their Majesties opened recently. Princess Louise is seen standing by the King

A "LOOK-SEE" *Topical*

The Duke of York amused by a very small sailor, whose interest proved too great to let him "look straight to your front, now." The photograph was taken at the recent Empire Day Parade in Hyde Park, which was organised by the League of Empire

A Curious History

THE EARLDOM OF STAIR has a curious history. The second Earl was a great military commander and became a Field-Marshal in our Continental wars early in the eighteenth century. His heir was his brother, William, who had married the Countess of Dumfries in her own right. The Field-Marshal, wishing to prevent the Earldoms of Stair and Dumfries being eventually held by one person, surrendered all his honours to the Crown, and in return obtained a charter empowering him to name as his successor any male descendant

FOUR DEBUTANTES OF THE SEASON

MISS VERONA GREENWELL *Lenare*

Who was presented by her mother, Mrs. Aynsley Greenwell, at the third Court. She is the granddaughter of the late Sir Walpole Greenwell

Madame Yevonde

MISS MARGARET HOTHAM

Who is the sister of Viscountess Suirdale. Lord Suirdale is the heir to the Earl of Donoughmore

Madame Yevonde

MISS MYRTLE VAN DE WEYER

The daughter of the Hon. Mrs. William Van de Weyer. She was presented at the second Court by her mother

Hay Wrightson

MISS CHRISTIAN MASON

The fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Mason, who was presented by her mother at the third Court. Her father was for eight years M.P. for Coventry

of his grandfather, the first Viscount Stair. Shortly before his death he nominated the second son of his brother next to William. After his death this nomination was contested, and the House of Lords decided in favour of William's second son by the Countess of Dumfries, who became third Earl of Stair.

He died without children, and the Earldom went to his elder brother, who, in the meantime, by the death of their mother, had become Earl of Dumfries.

Mud and Flowers

WISE people always go early to the Chelsea Flower Show on the opening day in order to avoid the crowd which later on makes the tents almost impassable. This year they went to avoid the mud, and those wiser still went in goloshes. But if the skies were gloomy and the paths grew muddier and muddier as people arrived in hundreds, most folk forgot the unkindness of the weather in the glory of the flowers. Each year one considers the Chelsea Show has reached the ultimate height possible in flower production, yet this year it was better than ever. And it was also bigger, as extra tents had been added, and there was more space for the examples of gardens, which were more attractive and original than last year. The exhibit of vegetables by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs from Aldenham was early surrounded by envious housewives, who cast covetous eyes on the giant peas, even small ones being still at a premium in the shops. Some of the sweet peas, columbines, hydrangeas, calceolarias, carnations, and campanulas were of such prodigious size that one was reminded of the flowers in H. G. Wells's "Food of the Gods." One giant iris, called "El Capitan," exhibited by Mr. Pilkington, of Liverpool, has been selected for trial in the Horticultural Society's ground at Wisby.

An Unpleasant Habit

OUR parents have told us that in their youth smoking was not permitted in any room in a house except the dining-room and the host's study. In the youth of our parents' parents smoking was only allowed in the kitchen or in the gun-room after the ladies had gone to bed. So strict was the rule about smoking in Queen Victoria's household that we have the historically recorded fact of her eldest son, the heir to the throne, puffing at a cigar with his head in his bedroom fireplace at Windsor Castle so that the condemning smoke might go up the chimney.

Even until quite recent times a special smoking-room was provided at balls and dances. But now people—both hes and shes—smoke in ballrooms whether they are in hotels or private houses. The result is not pretty. Some hostesses who give dances in their own abodes find it parlous expensive.

We know it has become a common habit for young men and young women to flick their cigarette ash on to the floor whereever they may be, no matter how many ashtrays may lie to their hand. But do any of these young men and women, I wonder, throw lighted cigarette ends on to the floor in their own rooms, however consistently they scatter ashes on their own carpets? Of course they

don't. But many hostesses, both for evening parties and dances, and especially dances, lament bitterly that their floors and carpets do not receive the same consideration. Hundreds of pounds' worth of damage is done every Season to parquet floors and rugs by the careless casting away of lighted cigarette ends or—what is worse—half-smoked cigarettes.

After the Ball is Over

HERE is an example of the devastation caused by our dancing and perpetual cigarette-smoking young men and young women. A friend of your Bystander gave a dance for her *débutante* daughter. Dancing took place in the drawing-room—a big room divided into two by pillars supporting an arch-way. Beyond were two ante-rooms and a wide corridor. A parquet floor ran the whole length of the corridor and the three rooms. The corridor and ante-rooms were arranged for sitting out—rugs on the floor, couches, easy chairs, small tables with cigarettes and ashtrays close to every couch and chair—the last word in thoughtfulness for the requirements of young dancing folk.

Your Bystander left the dance somewhere about one o'clock. The loss of a valuable diamond ornament—even more valuable than its money's worth for sentimental reasons — sent him back to the house helter-skelter shortly after two o'clock. The last of the dancers had just gone. The precious ornament was found under the supper-table.

"Do come and look!" said his hostess. "I couldn't have believed it possible! I shall never give a dance at home again!"

To speak frankly, the spectacle presented by the ballroom and the other rooms was disgusting. A whole pile of cigarette ends lay at the bases of the pillars in the

Photopress

The Duke of Wellington (Major-General the Rt. Hon. John Seely) pays his respects to Lady Blessington (Lady Wodehouse)

A PAGEANT OF HYDE PARK

Two tableaux from the recent historical pageant given at Daly's Theatre in aid of Charity

Photopress

Miss L. Ponsonby as the Duchess of Devonshire, the Misses Nancy and Baba Beaton as the daughters, and Mr. Cecil Beaton as Gainsborough

Sport and General

AN ULSTER PARTY

A photograph taken at the recent house party at Stormont Castle, Strandtown, the official residence of the Premier of Northern Ireland. The group shows, seated: Lady Earle (left), Viscountess Peel, Lady Craigavon, Lady Carson, the Hon. Aileen Craig. Standing: Mr. C. H. Blackmore (left), the Hon. J. Craig, Sir Lionel Earle, Lord Carson, Lord Peel, and Lord Craigavon

Lenare

A BRIDE-TO-BE

A recent portrait of the Hon. Sybil Dawson, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn. Her engagement to Mr. David McAdam Eccles, third son of Mr. and Mrs. W. McAdam Eccles, was announced recently

A DAY AT DORCHESTER

After an interval of twenty years the Bath and West Society recently visited Dorchester. This successful Show was held under the presidency of Lord Wynford

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MISS JOAN VAN-HAEFTEN AND MISS N. LEY

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MAJOR AND MRS. PHIPPS HORNBY AND MRS. PETCH

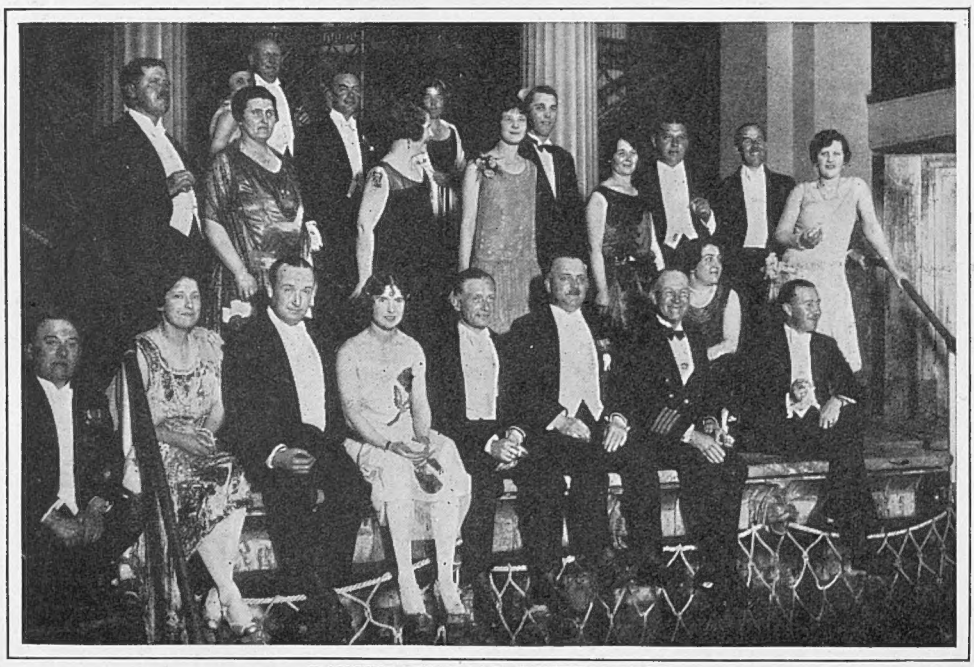
drawing-room. Cigarette ends lay all against the walls and on the rugs in the ante-rooms and corridor. Rugs and couches were all be-smothered with ash. Holes had been burnt in the rugs, and black patches on the parquet showed that even its hard, polished wood had suffered. The carpet in the supper-room was similarly bestrewn and similarly damaged by the gay *insouciance* of youth flinging its cigarette ash or its lighted cigarette ends just anywhere. Likewise there were cigarette ends in the hall.

Is this really necessary? A dance for your *débutante* daughter runs into three figures. Are you, because of your hospitality, to be faced with a further bill of three figures for scraping and repolishing your charred parquet and repairing the holes burnt in your couches and chairs just because the modern young man and young woman *must* smoke at all times and seasons and, like the wind, cast their cigarette ends where they list?

The Caledonian Ball

IF you have not already taken your tickets for the Caledonian Ball on June 11 you should lose no time in doing so, as the demand is very great, and if you leave it too late you may be disappointed.

Amongst those who have already taken tickets are the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Norfolk, the Marchioness of Huntly, the Countess of Cromartie, the Countess of Rothes, the Countess of Stair, the Countess of Dunmore, Countess Cawdor, the Marchioness of Douro, Viscountess Elibank, Lady Ruthven, Lady Sempill, Lady Glentanar and the Dowager Lady Glentanar, Lady Seaforth, Lady Pentland, and Sir Ronald and Lady Sinclair. You can get your tickets from Captain Frank M. Stanley, 199, Piccadilly, W.1.



DANCING TIME AT SOUTHAMPTON *G.P.U.*

A merry party photographed beside the swimming bath of the White Star liner "Majestic." This was the venue of the recent Hants County Ball

An Interesting Evening

MISS MARJORIE CLARKE-JERVOISE is giving one of her delightful recitals on Friday, June 8, at

the American Women's Club in Grosvenor Street. She will give recitations in English and French, and Mr. Eric Marshall will sing. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Clarke-Jervoise, Leahurst, Esher, Surrey.

An Historic Farewell

UNLESS M. Vladimir de Pachmann is persuaded to appear again in public, the diners at the May Fair Hotel have attended his last performance in England. On the Sunday afternoon he made his public farewell at the Albert Hall, which was crowded. In the evening he played Chopin for an hour in the ballroom of the May Fair Hotel, which was packed to the doors. And he played Chopin as he only can play Chopin. It was difficult to realise that the force, the exquisite sense of expression, the swiftness, the perfection of technique came from the hands of a man verging upon eighty. His playing has all the passion, the understanding of a man of thirty. Is the race of the giants of the piano passing away? Certainly there is no one to-day to compare with Paderewski or Pachmann. The May Fair Hotel has made history in giving its guests Pachmann's last appearance.

Central News

RUS IN URBE

Their Majesties seen in a delightfully rustic setting. The photograph was taken on the occasion of their visit to the Flower Show at Chelsea

Sport and General

AT CHELSEA

The Crown Prince of Sweden and Princess Ingrid on a tour of inspection. The photograph was taken at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

L.N.A

A CRITICAL INSPECTION

Prince Arthur of Connaught photographed at Olympia where he inspected the preparations for the Royal Tournament. He is seen examining the harness of the 17/21st Lancers

Topical

A SCOTTISH OCCASION

The Earl of Stair, the Lord High Commissioner, inspecting the Guard of Honour provided by the Cameron Highlanders at the opening of the General Assembly at Edinburgh. The figure in the plumed hat is General Sir William Peyton, the G.O.C. Scottish Command

By "The Tout"

"THE ABOVE HAVE ARRIVED OR ARE EXPECTED"

Fairway (at the time of writing) is now the favourite for next Wednesday's classic contest on Epsom Downs, and Lord Derby's trainer, Frank Butters (who took the Hon. George Lambton's place a few years ago) must feel very hopeful when he compares the performances of some others with the Stanley House colt. Flamingo, the Guineas winner, is perhaps the one he has most of all to fear

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

The Derby Favourite

Betting on the Derby now seems to have settled down into something like a groove. Unless one of the front rank candidates has the bad luck to go amiss, I question whether the odds will vary very much during the next few days. There is no reason to suppose that Fairway is at a false price. Those who have already backed him run a slight risk that Lord Derby's colt will experience a recurrence of the trouble which kept him out of the field for the Two Thousand. Happily he seems completely to have shaken off the glandular mischief which caused the Stanley House people so much anxiety all through the Spring. I hope he will remain fit and well, for it would be something like a tragedy if this brilliant colt were to be denied his chance of adding his name to the list of winners of the Derby. He is one of the best movers I have seen for a long time. With long raking strides he gets over the ground in apparently effortless fashion.

Some Mover

When he rode him in the Newmarket Stakes Weston was so far deceived by the easy action of the colt that he could not tell whether the race was being run at a fast pace. I think he was distinctly surprised to learn afterwards that excellent time had been made. As a fact, the race in question was three seconds faster than that which Call Boy won over the same course a year before. This seems to point to the fact that the form in the Newmarket Stakes was pretty good, though the consensus of opinion is that Flamingo beat a stronger field in the Guineas than Fairway encountered in the Stakes. I can see no reason why Fairway should not be as well suited as any of his rivals for the peculiarities of the Epsom course. He appears to possess all the speed that a colt must have if he is to take a good place early in the race.

Epsom Tactics

In recent years the Derby has usually been won by a colt who was among the leaders from the beginning. I expect Weston's tactics will be to secure third or fourth place behind the leader until reaching the top of the hill. Fairway appeared in his race at Newmarket to show some slight disinclination to race in front, but that may have been largely due to the fact that he had not been on a racecourse for a long time. I am confident that he is a colt of exceptional class, and I fully expect him to prove himself the best of the bunch on June 6. There is not a great deal to choose between Flamingo and Royal Minstrel on their running in the Two Thousand. While the former was a neck to the good at the finish, it was obvious that Royal Minstrel possesses much more scope for improvement than Sir Laurence Philipps's colt.

Royal Minstrel

It has to be borne in mind that this grey colt was never in serious action until he came out and cantered away with the Craven Stakes. He was still decidedly backward when he ran in the Guineas, and I am assured that he has continued to progress in the right way since then. Capt. Boyd-Rochford has the highest opinion of this colt, and will be greatly disappointed if he fails to reverse the placings with the winner of the first classic race. My own modest investment is already on Fairway, whom I backed after being immensely impressed by his appearance when I saw him on the Heath in Craven week. I shall, however, put a little each way on Royal Minstrel. No doubt one will be able to get a good price about him right up to the day of the race. His trainer does not intend to put him through any searching trial. Besides this, the ring is sure to field strongly against Royal Minstrel owing to the prevailing notion that he is not well adapted for the Epsom course and that his breeding suggests that he will be lacking in stamina. I have not overlooked those supposed disadvantages. All the same, I regard the grey as a colt of immense possibilities, and he strikes me as being a tempting each way investment at the odds of 100 to 8, which are now being offered against him.

Manchester Cup

We are promised some particularly good racing at the Whitsuntide meeting at Manchester. A year ago we saw Dark Japan carry off the Manchester Cup with consummate ease with 9st. on his back. Unfortunately Dark Japan will not have the chance of repeating his former success, and it may be assumed that he is temporarily amiss. There is likely to be strong support for Sledmere, but I expect to see **Inversnin** give him the weight. The latter horse ran very creditably in the Yorkshire Cup last week, and I shall therefore make him my selection for the Manchester Cup. There will also be some good racing to wind up the week, for on Saturday comes the Salford Borough Handicap, in which I like the chance of **Portland.**

Players at Prestwick

SOME FIGURES IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Topical

J. R. ABERCROMBIE (left), E. F. STOREY, and C. J. H. TOLLEY

Topical

J. A. STOUT DRIVING FROM THE 18TH

Sport and General

MAJOR C. O. HEZLET IN PLAY

The Amateur Golf Championship provided its full share of thrills for the onlookers. One of these was the match between the holder, Dr. Tweddell, and Major Hezlet, which the latter won by 3 and 2, after playing golf which his opponent described as "miraculous." C. J. H. Tolley was defeated by Dr. A. R. McCallum, of South Staffs, by 5 and 4. Dr. McCallum subsequently met J. A. Stout. The final result was not available until after this number had gone to press

Topical

J. B. BEDDARD AT THE 17TH

"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring"

BY HELEN McKIE

Some impressions gathered by our artist at the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The magnificent show of flowers found as many admirers as ever, the old Chelsea Pensioners being among the most enthusiastic of the visitors

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

June is Coming

JUNE will be with us in a moment or two. The signs in my garden are what Barrie's policeman used to call infall-y-able. The blue lupins are out, as straight and clean-cut as steel spearheads, and beside them are the Oriental poppies, vividly exotic in the glory of their scarlet. There are heaps of gentler, quieter flowers in my big south bed, but they are all outshone when the poppies are ablaze. The Oriental poppy has a short life, but an infinitely gay one.

No Rose in All the World . . .

"No rose in all the world" I remember as the first line of an old drawing-room ballad, and I am reminded that I shall have no rose left in all the world if I do not forthwith set about my annual strafe against the *aphis*, or greenfly. The greenfly might be a charming fellow if you met him alone, away from his people. But he never travels alone. He moves about (invariably) in billions. In billions he settles on my rose trees. The rose garden, the pergola, the trelliswork, the study window—there is not a rose, stationary or climbing, that he does not colonise.

"All Creatures, Great and Small . . ."

WE were continually told when young that all creatures came into the world with some definite providential purpose. "All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small . . ." I should like to ask any theologian (politely and without any truculence) what is the precise and providential purpose served (for the common good) by our little friend the greenfly. What, indeed! If he only destroyed horrid things like cabbages or rhubarb you might see some hint of Providence. But why kill my roses? Until this question is satisfactorily answered I shall continue, with my *flammenwerfer* apparatus of sinister aspect, to destroy Mr. Aphis (I hope) in his millions.

By Any Other Name

I LIKE my roses to be roses, and I strenuously object to any rose-growers coming and calling them names. I will allow Dorothy Perkins—Dorothy is climbing in at the study window at this moment—and, possibly, Gloire de Dijon. But I am not going to have any outsider coming along and weighing down my poor roses with a lot of unwieldy names. When some interfering expert asks me if a perfectly respectable and innocent rose of ordinary rosiness is a Robinsoniana or a Mrs. Cyrus Q. Busby I am inclined to pick up my greenfly syringe and let fly, in my wrath, at him.

The Unspeakable Expert

WE are bullied by experts on every hand. They exercise a tyranny over us ordinary folk more ruthless than that of the Star Chamber If you happen to like flowers the experts will batter you over the head with botanical terms as with a bludgeon. Should you like poetry—a perfectly healthy habit within reason—they will yammer concerning anapæsts and trochees and the incidence of the cæsura. Should you (like most normal people) be fond of a jolly tune, they will belabour you with counterpoint and diminished fifths and consecutive unisons. Their one idea is to spoil all the simple pleasures we may have in life. *A bas les experts!* Though of mild temper and conservative habit, I would willingly raise aloft my syringe and lead a revolution against them.

By David Wilson

"HYDE" NOTHING!—FIAT JUSTITIA!—JIX!

On Their Own Ground

In order to break the tyranny of experts in the Arts I am convinced that the only method is to meet them courageously upon their own ground. I knew a man who got away with this splendidly once. A musical critic came into a drawing-room where my friend was sitting and remarked (in his usual superior tone): "Beethoven? Bilge!" Whereupon my friend, instead of meekly acquiescing, rose and barked out loudly: "Bach? Bah!" Then he left the room. Those two words, the only two he ever uttered in his life on a musical subject, have given him a tremendous reputation as a musical critic; indeed, if he is not careful he may degenerate into an expert himself.

My Derby Tip

May I claim a little originality in announcing to you beforehand that I do not know which brave and beautiful horse is going to win the Derby? Not only do I positively not know, I haven't the faintest, foggiest, remotest idea. I preserve an open mind. I am not going to bet. My conscience prevents me. This is absurd, of course, because people who would never dream of gambling in their lives have (and are entitled to) their jolly little flutter.

A Matter of Conscience

I am all for the Derby, which is surely one of the most English of English institutions, with its crowds and its colour and movement and gaiety. But I will not bet. I have a conscience. If I back a horse other people will back it too. That is to say, my horse (whichever it was) would be carrying someone else's money as well. Now, if there is one immutable law in a changing world it is that any horse backed by me at any time, in any place, under any circumstances, *must* lose. Therefore, I say, out of sympathy for those who might be my fellow-backers, and with the sole desire of saving their pockets, I steadfastly refrain from backing. I trust I make myself clear.

Golden Art

Never have such prices been given for Old Masters as at the sale of the Holford art treasures. Rembrandts, Van Dycks, and Cuyps were sold for almost fabulous sums. I wonder what Rembrandt himself would have thought about it. By his portrait he seems to have been a shrewd fellow, not without humour. It would be genuinely amusing to see him stroll into Christie's and give his views on the subject of art and money.

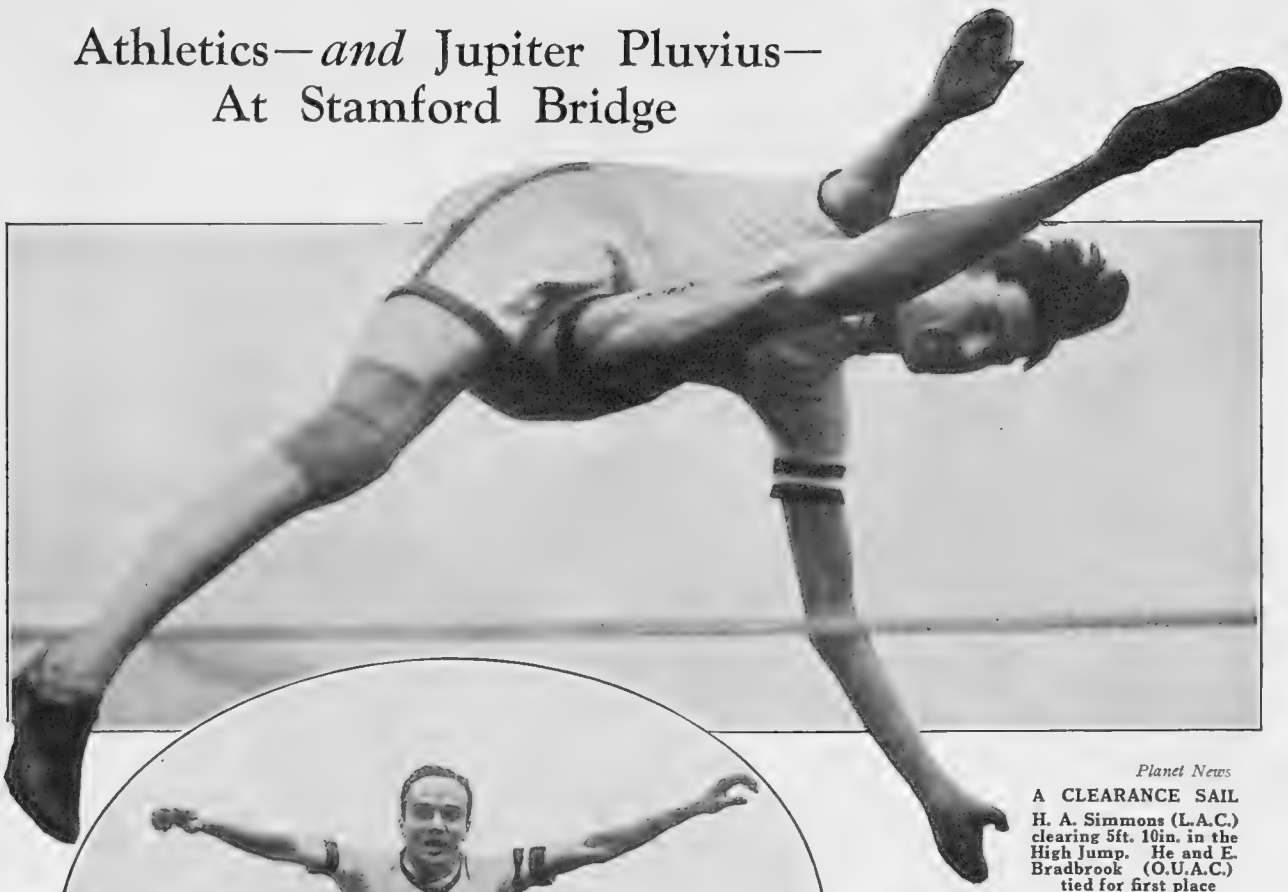
Is it Worth It?

People with tidy, economic minds may demand in slightly scandalised tones: Is any work of art worth £48,000? And people of sincerely æsthetic temperament may demand with equal fervour: Can the value of any supreme work of art be computed in money? You can no more state the artistic value of a Rembrandt masterpiece in cash than you can compute the pecuniary worth of a May morning. Materially, on the other hand, a picture is, I suppose, worth just as much as people who want it badly are willing to pay.

Boost for Brighton!

There are, I suppose, few places which remain more consistently in the public eye than Brighton. So that you may be left in no doubt about its vigorous growth, Brighton is now holding the Greater Brighton Celebrations, in connection with which the pageant of Brighton is being performed to-day, May 30, and to-morrow. The mind, of course, turns to that great figure in the town's history, the First Gentleman of Europe, to whose patronage the little Sussex village owed its growth to its present size. And, talking of prominent Brighton figures, the Pageant is being held, most appropriately, in Preston Park!

Athletics—*and* Jupiter Pluvius—At Stamford Bridge



Planet News

A CLEARANCE SAIL

H. A. Simmons (L.A.C.) clearing 5ft. 10in. in the High Jump. He and E. Bradbrook (O.U.A.C.) tied for first place

The recent meeting at Stamford Bridge between the London Athletic Club, Oxford University A.C. (Past and Present), the United Hospitals A.C. and The Tigers (1st Battalion Yorks. and Lancs. Regt.) suffered greatly from the shocking weather prevailing during the day. It resulted in a fight for first place between the L.A.C. and Oxford, the former winning by 52 points to 50

L.N.A.

IN FULL FLIGHT

A. A. Provoust (O.U.A.C.), the winner of the Long Jump, in action. He jumped 21ft. 5¼in.

"WET-BOBS" OF THE TRACK *G.P.U.*

The first three men home in the Three Miles Team Race fighting it out in the mud and rain. The winner, G. Green, is seen in the centre, the second man home, J. F. Varley, is on the right, the man on the left being N. L. Burt, who finished third

AN EASY WIN *L.N.A.*

D. G. A. Lowe (L.A.C.) finishing the Half Mile. He won by the comfortable margin of 15 yards.

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

WE have just had the pleasure of welcoming our Gilbert and Sullivan season. For two weeks in every summer the D'Oyly Carte take possession of the theatre, and the audiences never vary in their fidelity. I am sure you find this a reassuring piece of news.

I wish I could be as reassuring about the weather. Our match against the West Indies was played in bitter conditions. In their first innings the West Indians were all out for 324, and Nunes among them being not out for 76. We were still without McCanlis. But there is always Adam Crawley at cover-point to delight the connoisseurs, and as for E. T. Benson, we have *The Times'* word for it that he was "always doing a little more than can reasonably be expected of a wicket-keeper." Nunes is a decidedly disagreeable surprise to find at No. 9; and Oxford now knows it as well as the Oval. The match ended in a draw, Oxford making 264, and the West Indians, in their second innings, 313 for 6.

The Union meanwhile is getting busy about *Free Trade,* and the busiest are probably Roger Wilson (the librarian), and E. H. P. Brown. Wilson is a Socialist who never leaves a dry eye in the House, and Brown started life as one, but is now known as a Liberal. The Eights Week Debate is, of course, the gala night of the Union term, but I will not yet divulge the names of those lions whom Aubrey Herbert has secured for it. Lord Birkenhead is the lion of the forthcoming Chatham and Canning dinner. These two clubs may be considered the inner shrines of Conservatism in Oxford. It is at their meetings that mulled claret takes on an almost hallowed significance.

I think you ought to know that the *Isis* is taking a strong line about Buchmanism. Buchmanism is a religious cult which is said to enjoy a growing, if secret, popularity amongst us. To be attacked as a corrupter of the public morals is the first sign that a new religion is making itself felt. And Peter Fleming, who finds time to edit the *Isis*, as well as to look after the O.U.D.S., has given that sign. Anyway, we won our fencing match against Cambridge!

JINGO.

K. R. M. CARLISLE

The Oxford Freshman, who is a promising bat. He played for Harrow at Lord's last year

CAMBRIDGE

TUESDAY, which I understand from the Great Pyramid was the beginning of the Final Tribulation, passed off uneventfully in Cambridge. True, the first part of the Mathematical Tripos began, and both parts, I believe, of the Geographical Tripos; but I cannot believe that the builders really meant them, and, anyway, all of these calamities have happened before. No untoward portents were seen in the streets, thunderbolts failed to materialise on King's Parade, and, except that I am told the Master of Magdalene overslept himself, everything in Cambridge went on as usual.

The gentleman from Downing, who, in an excess of apocalyptic zeal, neglected to prepare for his Tripos, must be feeling very disillusioned. Perhaps they measured up the Pyramid wrongly. It's all very difficult.

I am informed on the highest authority that a well-known professor of mathematics has measured the interior of St. John's College Chapel, and has decided that Oxford will next win the Boat Race on August 22, 1931. A rowing friend of mine tells me that this is a most remarkable prophecy. The Boat Race has hitherto been *invariably* rowed in the spring.

And so the Union has definitely decided not to allow distinguished female speakers to be invited to its debates. The matter has been in the air for a long time, but it had never been brought to a head. The supporters of the idea were keen, but there were many others who could not bear the thought of the solemnity of debates punctuated with shrill feminine chatter. Though the motion got a majority, it did not get the three-fourths of the votes cast, which is necessary for an alteration in the rules.

This is the last week before the May Races, and the boats in training are rowing up and down the river faster and faster. The standard this year should be fairly high. Steve Fairbairn in a public pronouncement the other day said that it was higher now than at any time since the War. We shall see. Steve's views, however, are traditionally different from other people's.

RAB.

SKETCHES BY MAC

B. H. VALENTINE

Who scored a century in the Cambridge Freshmen's match. He comes from Repton and is a Soccer Blue

Four Engagements of Note

MISS DOROTHEA CARNEGIE *Vandyk*

Daughter of the Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie. She is engaged to Lord Scone

MISS VIVIENNE MARJORIE AYLEN *Swaine*

Daughter of Commander Reginald Aylen. She is engaged to Surg.-Lt. Patrick O'Rourke (The O'Rourke)

MISS ENID BURNSIDE *Vandyk*

Youngest daughter of Canon Burnside. She is engaged to Mr. Eustace Airy, of The Butts

MADAME FAGALDE *Bertram Park*

Daughter of the late Mr. William Clegett, of Maryland U.S.A. She is engaged to Mr. Eustace Robb

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced May 3, 1923

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a Show that would surely have warmed the heart of Mr. P. T. Barnum, who would probably have announced it as a Stupendous Moral Aggregation of Scenes and Melodies, or something Big like that. It is a most fascinating entertainment, based upon Edna Furber's famous story of Captain Andy Hawk's Floating Palace Theatre. The play covers a period of about forty years, and its scenes are necessarily disconnected in consequence, but every section is as clearly defined as the variegated patches on a Dutchman's expansive wearabouts. As a popular production it appears to have fallen short of the highbrow standard of Art, but the management of Drury Lane have wisely catered for those who go to the theatre for amusement and not for devotional exercise.

THE story opens on the Mississippi "in the late Eighteen-eighties," and the fashion in frocks of the period naturally moves our modern young ladies to uproarious mirth, just as the present knee-high skirts will probably move the young lady of to-morrow in her stylish plus-fours, or minus-twos. Colour, in every sense of the word, is given by the presence of the Mississippi Chorus and Dancers. Negroes, as we know, take their choruses with something like religious fervour, and the whole-hearted opening of the Mississippi singers is an entrancing performance. Indeed, when the lovely young ladies of the usual chorus take up the running they seem commonplace by comparison.

IN the late Eighteen-eighties the colour-line on the Mississippi would naturally be drawn with some severity. This fact is emphasised at the beginning by much talk about arresting a lady with negro blood in her veins because she has permitted a white man to marry her—though, to be sure, he might have done worse. The sharp distinction of colour operates in the present instance a little quaintly, since the negro artists, however distinguished, must necessarily represent persons of menial status in the play. For instance, that admirable actress, Miss Alberta Hunter, is no more than the native cook on the Show Boat; while even an actor of the rare quality of Mr. Paul Robeson must not be regarded as the equal of "white trash," but may be nothing more than a Man with a Duster. It is by a nice irony that Mr. Robeson takes the house by storm with his first appearance, and from that moment becomes the dominating personality of the Show.

MR. ROBESON has, of course, long been known as a student of and singer of negro melodies, so that in this production he is in his home town, as you might say. His magnificent rendering of the song, "Ol' Man River" raises the house at once to enthusiasm. It is not surprising to find that this characteristic song should be turned on again later in the evening, with the added help of the Mississippi Chorus, so that it is given almost with the fervour of a Revivalist Meeting of the South.

CAPTAIN HAWK, Proprietor and Manager of the Show Boat, is played by Mr. Cedric Hardwicke with agreeable humour. Such story as the play has to tell concerns

Stage Photo Co.

A LESSON IN CIVILITY

Julie (Marie Burke) watches her young husband dealing a stinging rebuke to the unworthy mariner who has insulted her. The action of the incensed husband proves almost too much for Captain Andy (Cedric Hardwicke), who is seen on the right

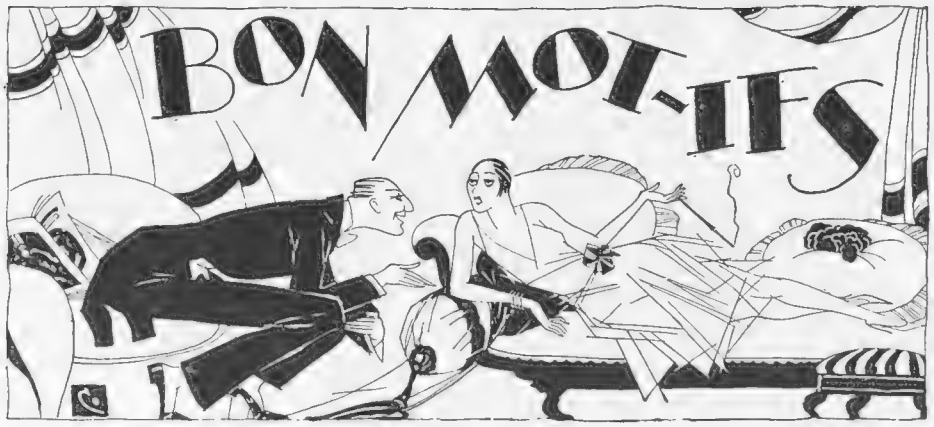
the adventures of the Captain and his family and friends through fifteen glittering scenes, some of which are of imposing magnificence. Then there is his daughter, Miss Magnolia Hawk, who is fascinated by a dandy of the period named Gaylord Ravenal, a smooth-tongued young man who, it appears, makes a precarious living at the gambling table. Mrs. Hawk does not approve of the young man because gambling is sure to end in disaster. (Remember this the next time you are tempted to put a shilling each way on your fancy for the two-thirty.)

GAYLORD so far reforms as to join the company of the Show Boat, and in due course becomes a star and marries his Magnolia. But Ma was right after all (as she always is, though we never think so at the time). Gaylord goes back to his gambling ways, and wakes one morning to find himself infamous. Magnolia is therefore driven to try her luck once more on the stage. She secures an engagement at the Trocadero in Chicago in a sort of Cabaret entertainment. The announcement of her unknown name excites derisive laughter among the wine-heated guests, and as she walks past the row of tables she loses her nerve, and becomes almost voiceless. It happens, however, that her father is among the supper folk, having for his guests three Bright and Thirsty Young Ladies, which is not a bad allowance for a man who must by this time be nearing the octogenarian stage. The old fellow starts from his seat and

catches his daughter's eye, and, with this encouragement, she flings herself into her job and scores a triumphant success.

THE story ambles along in its pleasantly detached way through various scenes till we come to a sample of the Show Boat's wares, represented by a "New Melodrama of Tears and Laughter" called "The Parson's Bride." The laughter is certainly well in evidence in our part of the house, though the stage audience is clearly following the play in deadly earnest.

THEN everybody turns up at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, and we see all the gentlemen stealthily abandoning their ladies in order to crowd into a show of which the *danse du ventre* is a prominent feature. And from this point we go on through the years till we come to our own day of cloche hats and kneecaps, Mr. Howett Worster, as Gaylord Ravenal, is responsible for most of the sentimental outbursts of singing, in partnership with Miss Edith Day, who is the lively and dismal Magnolia by turns. Miss Dorothy Lena and Mr. Leslie Sarony supply the light comedy element with perfect success, and Miss Marie Burke, as the alleged lady of colour who married above her station, drops in a touch of pathos here and there as the recipe for the mixture requires. It is not easy to do justice to such a comprehensive entertainment in our limit of space here, but I have tried to make it clear that *Show Boat* is necessarily destined to be a great popular success. JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

An indignant lady writes to us to say that, while she had heard that certain excesses were committed at Oxford, she can see no reason for a Vice-Chancellor.

. . . . . .

In a Lancastrian parish a vicar has incurred disapprobation amongst his parishioners because he walks about in knickerbockers. What do they expect him to wear? Surplice-fours?

. . . . . .

There are more studies of ladies "in the altogether" than ever in the Royal Academy. Yet, after all, that is no nude departure from custom.

. . . . . .

"Mummy took me down to Hurlingham."

'What did you see, dear?"

"A lot of polo bears!"

. . .

"I hear you backed Joel's horse at Epsom: why?"

"Because it was a fine day, and old Sol was shining."

. . .

Two deaf and dumb plumbers are in partnership at Norwich. It would be interesting to know which one of them goes back for his mute.

. . .

"That smart girl over there is making eyes at you."

'Yes; I admire her *chic!*"

. . .

To-day's reflection:—It is said that if ever you lend money you never have friends.

But if you do, you don't want 'em.

A Bond Street show-girl expresses the opinion that there is little to choose between the sexes. A mannequin is still to man akin.

. . . . . .

Preparing to trudgeon the Channel are
Fair damsels while fellows in flannel are
On cricket intent,
Or on Badminton bent,
But give me *a day down at Ranelagh!*

. . . . . .

He was playing bowls.

"The trouble is," he confided to a friend, "my opponent has a bias against me."

An exiled Prince has been requested by the Home Secretary to leave the country. Carol singing is, therefore, postponed till next Christmas.

. . . .

Who wrote:—"A man will boast of his successes—a woman of her retreats." But then it's her fault as a rule that the enemy made advances.

. . . .

Down Dulwich way, after their match, two tennis opponents indulged in a bout of fisticuffs. Presumably there must have been a good "set"-to!

. . . . .

A Metropolitan magistrate confesses to a lack of arithmetic. Then how can he sum up?

. . . . .

We are told that certain professional cricketers make more money as journalists than they might do by playing. Truly, the pen is mightier than the sward.

. . . . .

"Jones secundus, construct a sentence containing the word 'Ariadne.'"

"Orl right, teacher; muvver said this mornin. 'Arry, 'ad'ny breakfast yet?'"

. . . .

In private life Mr. Bernard Shaw is said to mutter. But even in public life, does his mutter really matter?

. . .

The Home Secretary says he is no kill-joy. "Jix" is on the side of the Jills and Jacks.

. . .

Cleaner bank notes are promised. So long as they come our way we shall not bother about hygiene.

. . .

At a provincial theatre McTavish witnessed from the gallery an ultra-modern play. After the performance his sole remark to a friend was, "Bang went sexpence!"

. . .

It is said that weak plants can be restored by drugs. Humans, however, who sow their wild oats are not so lucky.

By Will Owen

CURED BY EPSOM!

The Deaf and Dumb to the Blind: "Goin' down to see the Derby, Jim?"

A Bit Off!

BY H. M. BATEMAN

THE CHIROPODIST WHO DROPPED HER KNIFE

"Crowned with a diamond-studded bowler"

A VISIT TO COCHIN CHINA

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

COCHIN CHINA is one of those delightful places that everybody has heard of (or is it the hens?) and no one has ever been to. I went because I liked the name. It was a long voyage to take to satisfy a whim—thirty-one days to be exact, but it wasn't uneventful.

The ship was crowded with French people, and we had a good deal of sea-sickness. Our company at the purser's table included a Belgian revue star who was going out to play "The Merry Widow" at the Opera House in Saigon. She and the purser seemed to get on pretty well together. A young Paris actor, who was going out to be her leading man, sat at another table with his back to us after the second day.

The purser was not the cause of this. It was Danile's (as we called the young actor) way of putting things. He had said at the outset that the only place where "Mademoiselle" would be allowed to sing *was* in Cochin China. The remark was repeated to her. During the farewell celebrations on the last night Danile fell on top of an empty champagne bottle and cut his arm to the bone. I think Mademoiselle was sorry the bottle hadn't cut his throat.

On December 26 we sailed up the Saigon River and this was the song we sang as our good ship made fast to her berth—Danile with his arm in a sling; the Merry Widow with hers around the purser's neck:—

Saigon enchanteresse
Saigon ville d'ivresse.

Heaven knows what happened on the first night at the Opera House.

Well, Saigon is a town of *ivresse,* though a lot of people work pretty hard, too. It is like a sort of exotic Paris, set in the Far East—with cafés, shady boulevards, pretty French ladies, and the officers of the French Infanterie Coloniale in their smart uniforms strutting about.

I found it hard to tear myself away, but managed to, and made a flying visit to Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, accompanied by Mr. Jack Silva, of whom more later. This Indo-Chinese royal city, stretching flower-bedecked by the banks of the wide flowing Mekong River, is entrancing.

We found great doings afoot when we arrived. Old Sisowath, the late King of Cambodia, had passed to his fathers, at the ripe age of 87, leaving to his successor his 240 dancing girls, his sacred white elephants, and the Imperial orchestra. In the palace grounds they were building an enormous edifice upon which to burn him—a veritable Viking's funeral.

(*Continued on page 426.*)

A Dancer "Over-There"

G.P.A

MISS HARRIET HOCTOR

Of the Lyric Theatre, New York, affects a costume of widely differing characteristics, the Victorian amplitude of her sleeves being set off by a distinctly modern tendency in the rest of the ensemble. This clever dancer graduated from vaudeville to the position of prima ballerina in the Ziegfeld production of "The Three Musketeers"

Not only were the funeral arrangements magnificent. Never have I seen such idols as in the Royal Palace—figures of pure gold the full height of a man, with eyes of diamonds, and forehead and hands bestudded with sapphires, rubies and emeralds. There was a Buddha of jade, seated on a lofty throne in a room of which the floor was made of silver; that alone was worth the journey.

For the most part the jewels were quite unprotected, the reason being that the Cambodians regard their king as representative of God on earth, and would never dream of touching his possessions. But I did see one object in a case. This was a black hat in which a diamond valued at £50,000 was set. I was told His Majesty occasionally wore this hat as an alternative crown when the gold one grew too heavy. I found it hard to believe this, for the hat was nothing more or less than an English *bowler,* but that it had an enormous diamond let into the side I will swear. It really seemed incredible that His Majesty should be crowned with a diamond-studded bowler, and carrying the royal sword that has a tradition dating back 1,000 years.

It is not always easy for a foreigner to see the King's dancing girls, but through the good offices of Mr. Jack Silva I was able to do so. We had grown friendly on the drive out from Saigon, and I had learnt that Mr. Silva was His Majesty's jazz drum band leader. Mr. Silva, who was Portuguese, spoke many languages and was also occasionally requested as guide for Europeans visiting Phnom-Penh and Anker.

I discovered, after a few minutes' talk, that he knew no more about the objects of historical interest in Cambodia than I did, and cared far less: and I could not help smiling as I thought of the archæological students who come from all parts of the world to see the wonderful ruins of Anker, and who might find themselves handed over to the care of Mr. Silva on a day when he was not required to play "Atta-boy" for the King. His own opinion of the monumental works of the Khmer dynasty was both humorous and unprintable.

It was Mr. Silva, however, who arranged for me to see some of the King's dancers, just as one fellow for another, unprofessionally, and I thank him for it, for they were really rather wonderful.

Mr. Silva himself did not think much of Cambodian dancing. Too little action, he said. Certainly, except for certain lissom movements of the body, and a graceful fluttering of the hands, the young Cambodian damsels do not show much activity. But, as one watches their white, painted, expressionless faces there is something in the rhythm of their slow dance that grows upon one—something one cannot understand, but which takes one into a long-forgotten world when Britons only knew how to bedeck themselves with woad, and the ancient civilisation of Cambodia was at its height amidst all the glory of her golden temples.

Indo-China is not all cafés and dancing girls. Away up northward in Tonking I came upon a battalion of the Foreign Legion. One of their officers told me that they kept a detachment at Lao Kay, of whom 36 per cent. per annum never came back alive. They were fine fellows, those officers of the Foreign Legion. I stayed to luncheon in their mess, but that has nothing to do with Cochin China. A. M.

DANCING-TIME AT THE PICCADILLY By Helen McKie

In the Grill Room at the Piccadilly Hotel, where one can dance in ordinary dress, some striking drop curtains have been designed, which make a most attractive background, particularly for the cabaret show. The curtains cut across half the room, so that when many of the diners have left for the theatre, those remaining can dance, and the empty part of the room is curtained off

A Leading Lady and an "Extra Gentleman"

Mabel Robey

MISS ELSA MACFARLANE

The charming actress who plays a leading part in the revue "Will o' the Whispers" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, "and friend"—to use the dear old familiar *cliché!* Happily, "Will o' the Whispers" is proving a big noise among the West End successes now running

"LOVE'S LABO

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SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. II—PRINCES AND PEOPLE

"She is a holy terror to slicers, and if you pull yours is a lost cause"

WHILE the mellow light from the billiard-room fire played upon the port decanter one held forth to the other two thus:—

"Remember that Princes to-morrow is a terrific test of golf. It is full of dog-legged holes with diagonal cross bunkers. It is 7,000 yards in length, although its fullest length has never been used. Its bogey is 79. Jock Hutchison went round it once in 71 and lived to tell the tale; and if you go round in 171 you will think you have got off lightly—just half a glass, thanks—and a south-easterly gale is well in the making to-night."

But they would have none of it, for they were as gods, not men. Had they not scratched round the Cinque Ports—Ports, nice word: let's have another of these: ring the bell like a good chap—twice to-day fairly respectably considering they had never seen the place before? Wasn't A's drive at the 18th a peach? And B's sunken putt of 8 yards on the 14th a pyramidal and monumental fluke which practically gave him the match? Were not both improving their game out of all knowledge? And didn't the old snake always try to put the wind up the opponent before starting out—heel-tapping the entire night and getting away with it? Of course he did. Well, here's fun, anyway. . . .

When will ball game players learn that, even if their internal mechanisms are as corrugated sheet iron and their vitality as enduring as granite, they cannot approach this most difficult of all the world's games except in a spirit of comparative fasting and abstinence and a complete equipoise of mind? One of us said—a very Daniel come to judgment—that it was all purple nonsense: that just as a reasonable amount of fleas are good for a dog because it keeps him from brooding over being a dog, so a good dinner over-night and a glass or two of the old and fruity were what was required and deserved by man on these auspicious and scintillating occasions—and the old death's head in the corner couldn't say *that* sentence if he tried till the cows came home *anyway*. Useless to impress upon them the old axiom that "the more you know the more you know you don't know." The only response was that if they were going to have that highbrow stuff put over on them they would require another three strokes. . . .

Wherefore, see us next morning at breakfast, somewhat jaundiced in outlook, mumbling maledictions on our broker between the sheets of the financial papers. It is remarked over the rim of a coffee cup that there seems to be a helofagale of wind blowing, that the glass is falling, that the entire British Navy seems to have mutinied, that what this country is coming to he is damned if he knows, and that if the old perisher in the next room continues to trumpet through the night as he did the *whole* of last night—well, they may as well pack up.

Princes, Sandwich, is eight miles from Deal. It lies out on the seashore all by itself with a grave and sequestered dignity about it, betokening an enviable peace of mind. With its advent in 1907 (largely by the munificence of Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley) there was completed in south-eastern England a great trinity of courses covering a thousand acres of the most remarkable dune land south of the Tweed. Princes occupies the northernmost end of this historic stretch of country extending from the old Cinque Port of Deal to where the winding River Stour at last joins the sea in Pegwell Bay. It is across the calm blue waters of this estuary that the player gazes joyfully as he waits on the first tee of this magnificent golf course.

On the way to it one of us reminded another that in Napoleonic times the land now occupied by Princes was the haunt of the smuggling people. That when digging out a bunker on the right-hand side of the second fairway they found, several feet below the surface, a human skeleton, through the centre of whose skull was a hole which only a bullet could have caused. It was remarked, caustically, by the listener that he would lay a fiver he would find that bunker without any guide posts. And he did. He stayed there quite a long time, and his visit was not made the more enjoyable by the jocular reminder of an opponent that a local rule had it that any corpse dug up might be moved without penalty.

Upon arrival a very prince among stewards offered us beer in an upper room, towards which there was something in the nature of a stampede. This room commands an enchanting view of a great stretch of the course—the cliffs of Ramsgate in the distance and the

sparkling sea in between. It also commanded upon this particular morning a view of quite other matters. For some of the apparent princes of the game were assembled upon that first tee immediately beneath the windows, each one of whom, despite his immaculate golfing garments—usually a fairly reliable sign of mediocrity—was driving his tee shots out of sight with effortless ease and much gaiety of spirit. "Here, I say," quoth one of our trinity, "we have evidently run into the Amateur Championship—I'm off!"

His fears were mollified to some extent by the steward, who explained that it was merely the "Oxford and Cambridge" gentlemen practising before the Varsity match. We watched agape in sanctuary until these blue bloods of the game had disappeared into the haze, and then we crept out diffidently, old Jaundice remarking that he would be progged before he got round sure's death, and he the only son of his mother and she a widow . . .

"Merely the 'Oxford and Cambridge' gentlemen practising"

This is the female vamp of Southern courses. She lures you on, and on. She is a holy terror to slicers, and if you pull yours is a lost cause. Moreover, she has a prevailing wind ("gentle summer breeze," they call it) which blows across the dog's legs of the holes so blessed or cursed; and strong, silent man though you may be, she will in all probability get you down every time, and her fairways are as narrow in width as they are lovely in surface. The whole country bristles with difficulties, as a good golf course should, but time and time again personal vanity will urge you to return to it, if not to defeat it, at least to keep your end up thereon. And if you can, you are a golfer indeed.

So much for her inimical moods and mannerisms. Of her loveliness there is seemingly no end. The short third, for example, requiring, in the words of the prophet, "only an easy iron shot of 135 yards or so." This death trap has been described by those whose golfing word is law as "the best hole in the world of its type and length." So it may be. To the likes of some of us it presents a blissful picture as we stand upon its cunningly placed tee. What, however, we don't notice, so frantic are we to get at it, is that it is a long, narrow green we are stancing towards—much narrower than it looks—and that it has no fewer than ten bunkers, pot-bellied and portentous, immediately surrounding it, in any one of which a ball not completely accurately hit will in all human probability be found. In our case all three were found in boot marks in those bunkers, and one of us misquoted adjectivally between set teeth, "Come all the Varsities of the world in arms and we shall shock them"—or words somewhat, though not quite, to that effect.

There is another prodigious affair—a super hole—the sixth, not meant for the smaller nations of golfers. They call it placidly (they are very placid about life, these Princes) "a nice two-shot hole along a valley, and the flagstaff of the picturesque coastguard station, standing immediately behind the green, should give the line for both first and second shots." M'm, yes; it gives the *line* all right; it gives it most beautifully, in a princely manner. What it does not do, what no power on earth will make it do, is to scream at you to look out because the fairway narrows rapidly towards the green, that there are big sandhills on the right and a truculent ridge on the left. In one or the other of these (both if you are playing two rounds that day) will the unskilful one's ball be eventually found. "Thick or clear, sir?" shouted a man to me from the depths of a bunker here, while I foraged about behind the ridge, on this our first princely round.

Nevertheless, fair game or foul, this is one of Britain's great courses. And great indeed is the joy of the man who at lunch-time is made to reckon up his score—with the help of two alert friends—to find that, in spite of seeming tribulations here and there, he has acquitted himself commendably well: as, in fact, they say "disgustingly well: you really must see to that handicap, old chap: it's grinding the faces of the poor—it is, honestly. And you can jolly well pay for the lunch after a card like that, you old body-snatcher, and mine's a Kümmel with the coffee—a large one."

Four—Five—Three—Five—Four—Five. . . . Good Heavens! You never thought you could do *that* here, nor did they. But of such is the game of golf—sometimes.

D. L.

No. 3 of the Friendly Fairways, to be published in our issue of June 6, will deal with The ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COURSE, SANDWICH.

A Test

We are hearing so much about tests for drunkenness—when is a motor driver really drunk or semi-sober?—that Ye Bystander suggests this little verse as a police test:—

There was an old lady called Carr
Who caught the 3.3 *for Forfar.*
"For," she said, "I perceive
It is certain to leave
Far before the 4.4 *for Forfar."*

"(S)Weep No More My Darling"

BY STARR WOOD

"You're looking a bit thoughtful this morning, Mac"
"Aye. I've got ten tuckets in the Calcutta Sweep, ye ken"
"Well, one of them may win it"
"Yes, but juist think o' the siller I'll hae wasted on the ither nine!"

"Beset by a Bridge maniac" *Illustration by CUNINGHAM*

AMONG the many clubs I have had the honour of founding, I am proudest of the Smooth-Bore. I look upon its success with (I think) pardonable pride. At the time of its inception it supplied, as the phrase goes, a long-felt want. It stepped into a breach that was in urgent need of being filled. Its members are picked men; men distinguished for their courage and daring; men bound together by singleness of aim and loftiness of purpose. Though candidates are subjected to a process of initiation which is not revealed to the public, the prime object of the club itself is in no way secret. The club's sole end is, as its name frankly implies, the smoothing of bores; or, to be precise, the smooth (and swift) removal of bores without recourse to physical violence.

For years men of goodwill had urged the necessity for some such form of protection against the evil in our midst, and it was the scandal at The —— Club which finally brought matters to a head. The affair at The —— —for obvious reasons I cannot be more explicit— created a painful sensation. Briefly, the facts are these: Lord ——, a peer distinguished alike for his good-nature and equanimity of temper, was beset in the Smoking Room by a Bridge Maniac. For two hours and a half his lordship listened in courteous silence, then rose and strangled the fellow with his own hands. All reports were kept out of the Press, and the matter was carefully hushed up, but the incident left a regrettable impression. Great sympathy was felt for Lord ——, who, it was felt, had acted admirably under trying circumstances. Some protection, it was urged, must be given against a repetition of such an unpleasant *contretemps*.

Thus the Smooth-Bore Club came into being. Though I am entitled to the credit of being its founder, I am glad to acknowledge the assistance of my friend, Major Guntrail, R.A., author of "Counter-Battery Work: Its Policy and Method." The major's contention was that only by an instant and vigorous policy of counter-battery work could the bore, or any other enemy, be exterminated. I may add that Surgeon-General Sir Humphrey Carver-Carver, an early member of our committee, and author of "The Function of the Counter Irritant," was of the same opinion.

Club rules were formally drawn up at our first meeting. I have a copy of them before me as I write:

1. That the club be known as The Smooth-Bore Club.

2. That its object be the effective silencing, by methods other than murder (which, in the interests of the amenities of club life, is to be deprecated), of the genus Bore.

3. That the term Bore be understood to include the following species: The Bore Military, the Bore Political, the Bore Piscatory, the Bore Medical; that is to say, the person who recounts his ailments in a manner that is at once anatomical and offensive—the Bridge Fiend, the Big Game Hunter, and the Man who Did the Short Hole in One.

4. That members pledge themselves to a policy of reprisals upon any bore within their radius.

Our method is simple and effective. The scene (let us say) is the lounge of any West-End club. Various members are reading the papers in saddle-bag chairs with their eyes closed, a post-prandial occupation beloved of clubmen. A voice breaks the hush.

"When I was at Umbala in '81. . . ."

It is Colonel Strooth, late Indian Army. The Bore Military is launched. Quick as thought a member of the Smooth-Bore leaps into the breach.

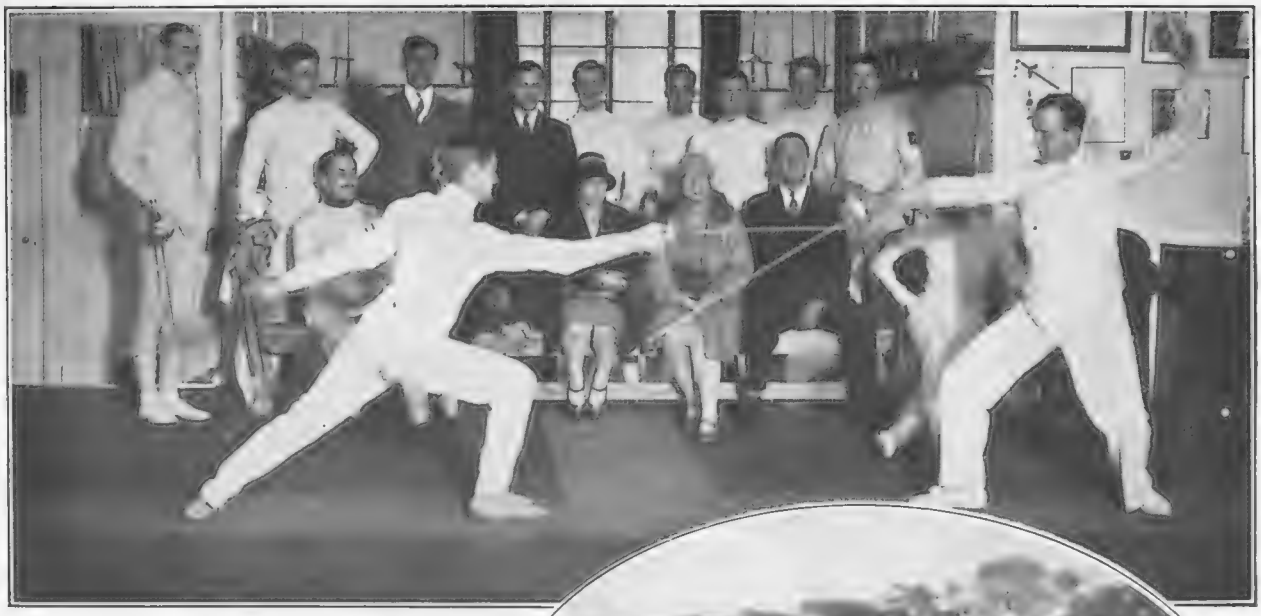
"Oh, were you there in '81, sir? Those were the days. It was just after that border-scrap with the Chapattis. Rum devils, the Chapattis. Fought with razor-blades tied to broom-handles. You'd know old Bangham, who commanded the 91st Burgoos? Stout fella, but not right in his head. Married the sergeant-major's widow and turned Theosophist. A lot of talk about it. Yes, those were the days. Tigers? Used to use 'em in the gymnasium for vaulting-horses. It's the power of the human eye. I once dragged a tiger by the tail from Deolali to . . ."

Ruthlessly, relentlessly our member goes on. He has learnt his piece by heart, and it will last four hours. The inevitable happens. The Bore Military is carried out, fainting.

For the Bore Piscatory we have some excellent material. The story we supply to our member on duty concerns a salmon which, after a two-hour struggle, leaps from the water, seizes the gaff, strikes him with it, climbs a tree, and proceeds to pelt him with coconuts. "After that the beggar jumped down," our man continues, "and, making a dash for my car, drove off to the nearest . . ." But little more is necessary.

The Golfing Bore stands no chance with us. The moment he opens his mouth we are at him. "My dear fellow, that's nothing. I sliced my drive at the Tenth, and, as luck would have it, a covey of partridges got up just as . . . You may believe me or not. . . When we opened the bird's crop . . . Firmly wedged between a glass marble and . . . Yes, they had to alter the local rule. . . . I've got it mounted at home. . . ."

He doesn't trouble us any more. So if you have any bores of your own, let us know. Your inquiries will be treated confidentially, and success is guaranteed.



Central News

INTER-VARSITY FENCING

C. S. A. Simey, the Oxford Captain, and C. J. Hamson, the Cambridge Captain, who met in the Epée match between the two Universities at Oxford. The Dark Blues won by 14 hits to 11

A Camera Causerie from the World of Sport

Photopress

THE RED ROSE OF LANCASHIRE

A fair bather presenting Lord Derby with a rose when he visited the new bathing lake at Southport. A large crowd attended the opening ceremony

Sport and General

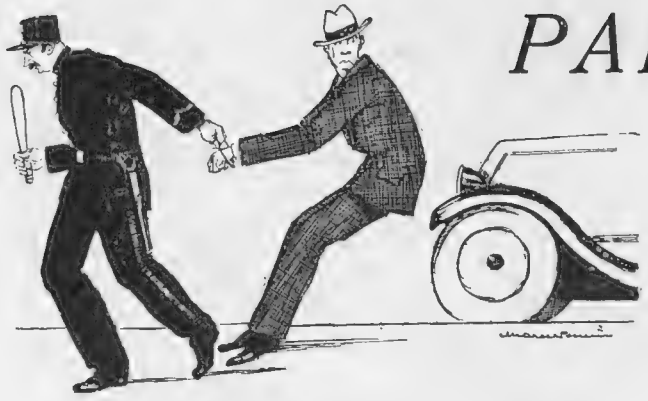
AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins (Scotland) and Major C. O. Hezlet (Ireland) photographed after the recent golf match between Scotland and Ireland at Troon. The men of the Thistle were victorious by 8 matches to 5

Central News

EN ROUTE FOR PARIS

The British Women's International Lawn Tennis Team photographed at Victoria on the occasion of their departure for France, to take part in the International Tournament held on the courts of the new Stade Roland Garros. Mrs. Watson (left), Miss Nuthall, Mrs. Lycett, Miss Eileen Bennett, Miss Evelyn Colyer, and Miss Joan Fry



"Dragged into the bother . . ."

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

PARISIANS have a saying which has maintained popularity for a number of years, "Les agents sont de braves gens." It may be freely translated as, "Our policemen are jolly good fellows." Now it would obviously be a pity if the dapper little defenders of the law should lose such an excellent reputation. Yet they are adopting strange tactics—or, at least, some of them are—that would put a strain on the affections of a far less easy-going people than the tolerant population of Paris. They are engaging on the rather absurd task of putting a damper on kissing in the parks. Which is a very dangerous experiment on their part.

IT is also, *sans aucun doute,* a distinctly futile effort. I don't suppose there is any city in the world where the inhabitants are so fond of kissing in public. And it is not merely a popular pastime with those who are engaged in the kissing, which can be readily understood by even the most green among the liverish, but it is also regarded with favour by the citizen who happens to be only an onlooker. Peoples of other countries usually feel embarrassed when their eyes accidentally fall on a couple who are enthusiastically engaged in exchanging kisses. It is one of the most disturbing experiences of the Anglo-Saxon tourist during a first ramble through the Luxembourg Gardens or the Bois de Boulogne. Yet the Parisian can gaze lingeringly upon such a scene, even from an intimate distance, and so far from feeling uncomfortable, he obviously gathers an outside share in the enjoyment.

"Kissing in the Parks"

SO the revelation that *agents* have lately been conducting to the *commissariat de police* couples who have been indulging in *baisers* in public gardens comes as a very unwelcome shock. It is so glaringly against the local traditions of complete liberty for the display of affections that there is perplexity as to where these *agents* can have been brought up. While it is not yet suggested that they have received their preliminary training under the guidance of the ultra-strict Manchester Watch Committee, it is felt that they must be imports from some similarly severe region. The Prefect of Police is to be asked where he has been carrying out his recruiting lately, and if he confesses that it is Nevers, or some such restrictive province, he will be requested to stick to the lads of Paris, who know how to turn a blind eye. Parisians will not permit kissing to be treated as a crime.

"Usually feel embarrassed when . . ."

THOUGH it is very nice to feel that you are efficiently protected by the authorities, this thoroughness can sometimes land you into an awful lot of bother. The all-embracing regulations and declarations for which the French have such a wonderful capacity are perfectly marvellous so long as you are on the right side of them, but if you get across them you can write off a year of your life as blighted. Nemesis, in the form of a very obstinate official, may pursue you even longer. And even when you think you have finally got everything smoothed out you may make the unpleasant discovery that you are on the observation list as a suspicious character.

"Which is a very dangerous experiment"

You feel the hand of the law to be very far-reaching in the case of motor cars, in particular. Witness the case of an acquaintance who had his car stolen, a car of the familiar ten horse-power type that is almost too popular, judging by the frequency with which they are stolen. Conforming to regulations he reported the theft to the police, who wrote down all the particulars in the fullest detail. They had scarcely finished verifying the details before my friend, very luckily, came into possession of his car again. Not having another whole day to spare for the operation, he neglected to notify the police that he had recovered the vehicle. But he will regret the omission for quite a long while.

Some while later he sold the car and the purchaser, in accordance with regulations, went to the Prefecture to make a declaration of possession. There was at once a reference to the files, and the innocent victim found himself accused of being in possession of a stolen automobile. Then the vendor was dragged into the bother on the charge of having sold a stolen car. A pretty mess. For it is no good in a case like this to tell a French police official that you are, or were, the legitimate owner. You must be able to prove it by documents that have been signed and countersigned, and you must have these documents in your possession and produce them there and then.

Our M. Poincaré is a very able little man. He turned a tenth of a franc into a fifth of a franc when everybody else thought the tenth would turn into zero. He could easily turn the fifth into a fourth, if that were not likely to be more costly to the country than leaving it as it is. M. Poincaré is one hundred per cent. efficient. He could probably recite the whole of a Finance Bill without a note, or speak in every city of France without repeating himself. But nobody had ever accused him of being gay. And now the reputedly frigid M. Poincaré has staggered everybody by going to a ball. And it was not one of those stiff official functions, which are euphemistically described as balls, but where everybody looks as if he had swallowed an ebony ruler; but the real thing, a students' ball at Strasburg. The Latin Quarter is thrilled about it, plunged into a "state of emotion," as they say in the *Quartier*. There is no telling what changes may come about in France if M. Poincaré takes to dancing. His adversaries will certainly have cause to be apprehensive about the popularity he will gain. M. Poincaré has put the best foot foremost—the severest blow he could strike at his enemies. With personal popularity added to his vast abilities, he should be able to make his foes dance as well—and to his tune.

René.

Binder

A BEAUTY OF BERLIN

Fräulein Jenny Jugo, who is reputed to have the prettiest legs in Berlin, gives photographic proof of her claims to this distinction. She is very well known in the German film world, being equally successful in dramatic and light parts

OLYMPIANS

By PENDARVES

THE programme adjures me to "join the Navy in drinking Bovril": but I am hurried away from the instructiveness of this reflection by the sight of the be-medalled men who move all round and about me. What magnificent spectacles they are, these be-ribboned men! You only see them once a year—at the Tournament. Their lack of uniform at other times makes them appear almost mediocre: like me, in fact. Only last week, for example, that field officer was one of the several people who said to me in the same bar, "W-ell, it's very nice of you: I think I will." But now—NOW he has got them all on. He is Somebody. He has, in point of fact, got a team entered for the Riding and Driving Display, and as he is one of the gods of Olympus who has unchallenged access to the Arena where MEN do great things I should salute him—only a bowler hat is such a putrid thing to effect a Service salute with, isn't it?

There is no doubt about it, this year's Military Tournament—I beg pardon, Naval, Military and Air Force Tournament—is even more spectacular than *ever* before, which is saying a lot. The whole history of the British Army, for one thing, is spread before you. For instance, the Royal Scots Fusiliers come in with the Colour and the Band and Pipes and Drums. If you are at all Scottish this will render you inarticulate with joy and conceit. And then they proceed to give us a bit of the Regiment's history—more joy and pride—how a party of the Regiment hold a "Barrier" against attacks of the Russian Columns at Inkerman. There is some very pretty hand-to-hand scrapping here which rouses the cheap seats to a regular vulgar display of enthusiasm. Needless to say, the Russians are driven back and the ugly situation is "saved." This Regiment celebrates its 250th anniversary this year — God bless it! Gentlemen, you may smoke. . . .

Then the Navy gets very busy with its sleeves rolled up. A Field Gun Competition. You see how a 12-pounder 8-cwt. gun, with a crew of 18 ratings, comes into action, overcoming earth, air, fire and water on its way. You must understand, please, that this gun (complete) is equal in weight to seven pianos. I mention this because it is years since I carried a piano about with me, and I like to see the Navy carrying seven of 'em about in terribly double time. I could never do this, quite. But, as the programme explains, "most people have had experience of moving heavy furniture [the words "at quarter day" have been censored]' and have realised the difficulty in shifting a piano. The gun-carriage and the timber are each equivalent in weight to *two* pianos, and the gun alone is nearly equivalent to *three* pianos." All I can say after seeing the Chatham, Devonport and Portsmouth gun crews is that a semi-detached residence, its furniture, garden, chicken run, outhouses and Baby Austin, would be moved, if so desired, into the next parish for you while you had gone down to the village for the beer. It would be no trouble—a pleasure, I can assure you.

The programme says clearly and concisely: "Sergeant-Majors train on Bovril": so it must be true. Ah! but the Scots Greys and their Musical Ride: how truly beautiful a sight! When they went across to France in 1914 to look into matters for us, you remember, they had to dye their horses khaki colour to suit the prevailing fashion of the time. It is said that the hairs of some of the N.C.O.s went grey in consequence of the insult. But the horses now are back in all their grey glory and grace of movement: and this Regiment, who took part in the charge of the Heavy Brigade at Waterloo and at Balaclava, will swerve and pirouette before you to your clamorous enthusiasm: a truly magnificent and rousing sight.

Then the 17th/21st Lancers (not to be confused with the 48th/96th Hussars on *any* account) show us how to play monkey tricks on horseback. Please note that the majority of those doing these equitation stunts are little more than Recruits, being but lately dismissed Riding School: the programme says so. Well, like the mandate about Sergeant-Majors and their Bovril, we have got to believe it. Oh, by the way, the horses, except the wise old leaders, are still "undismissed Remounts," and only came to the Regiment just before Christmas, 1927. But there is nothing they don't know about looking after their man when he is hanging head down by one toe round the crook of the saddle. All the wisdom of the world lies behind their big, friendly brown eyes. "Undismissed Remounts"—what an infernal shame! The leading horses at the top of their profession do all the crossword puzzles for the Regiment in their spare time. Don't miss this year's Tournament. Because you will see all three Services under one roof, more spick and span, shipshape, and efficient than ever before—assuming such a thing possible. And by seeing them you will be contributing to Service charities—which is, after all, a good thing well done.

By AUSTEN MOLLOY

ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE

"George is laid up again; he has overtaxed his strength"
"Isn't that just like him? He's an income-tax assessor!"

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it would arouse the admiration of the pearl fishers

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AREN'T WE THRILLED?

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Playful white-haired women"

LONDON, *May* 28.

DEAR COUSIN,

SOMEONE'S been saying we're just a world of Robots these days. That we've taken to taking things rather as a matter of course, that is, or anyway not much interest, however apparently exciting—altogether lost, in fact, and not to put too fine a point on it, that greatest and most precious gift or power of being thrilled. Post-warness they put it down to, some of our censors—which, of course, they're always telling us covers or anyway accounts for a multitude of sins. Whence and because of which after all somewhat distant heritage, we've seemingly plunged into an orgy of soulless pursuit after pleasures we don't really enjoy—including, of course, "those playful white-haired women" who go to night clubs and places and their "idiotic blandishments" and the gruesome look of "their gay clothes on their old bodies," etcet., etcet.

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RATHER sad and sombre picture, what? But dost believe one word of it, dear cousin? Where *are* those Weary Willies or Wilhelminas our highly distinguished newspaper mentors wail over with such grievous lamentation (and probably at about £1 or so a line). Not in any mere ordinary haunts of the mere ordinary person who "goes everywhere" do I encounter them. The dance places know them not, at the theatres there is a general air of festiveness (except, of course, for the usual little band of a dozen or so "gallery girls" who boo so many plays because they're cold and cross or tired and tempery with waiting hours and hours in the queue).

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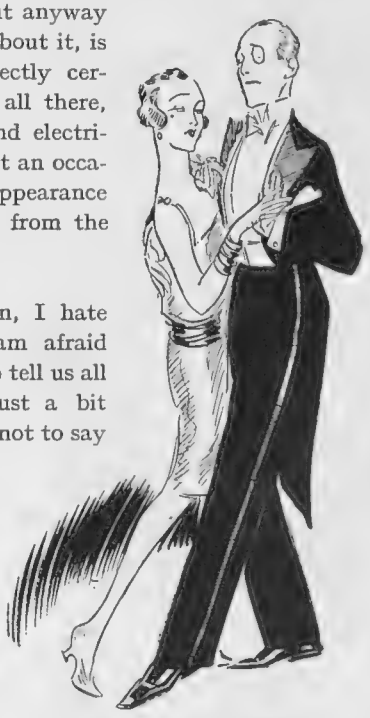
ACTUALLY smiles of apparently complete genuineness wreathe quite a few of the comely countenances to be observed at Ranelagh and Hurlingham and Roehampton, whether attendant bodies are engaged in beating a ball or merely watching it being beaten. Though must say spectators do generally seem the more cheerful of the two. And even at the Riviera (which they've just rechristened Old Madrid, or words to that effect, heaven knows why, except that Madrid anyway *is* on a river called the Guadalquivir or something, I believe) or the Blue Moon, the ones that are sitting and supping out don't seem to be in quite so much danger of clenched teeth and concentration as the actual dancers—I wonder why? But anyway there's no Robot-ing about it, is there? And am perfectly certain the enthusiasm's all there, boiling and sizzling and electrically alive, spite of just an occasional frown or even appearance of empty detachment from the matter in hand.



"An appearance of empty detachment"

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FACT is, dear cousin, I hate to say it, but am afraid some of the people who tell us all about ourselves are just a bit tired to start off with, not to say disillusioned—which generally means, alas, that you either weren't lucky enough to have any illusions to start with or fortunately foolish or skilful enough to know how to keep 'em.

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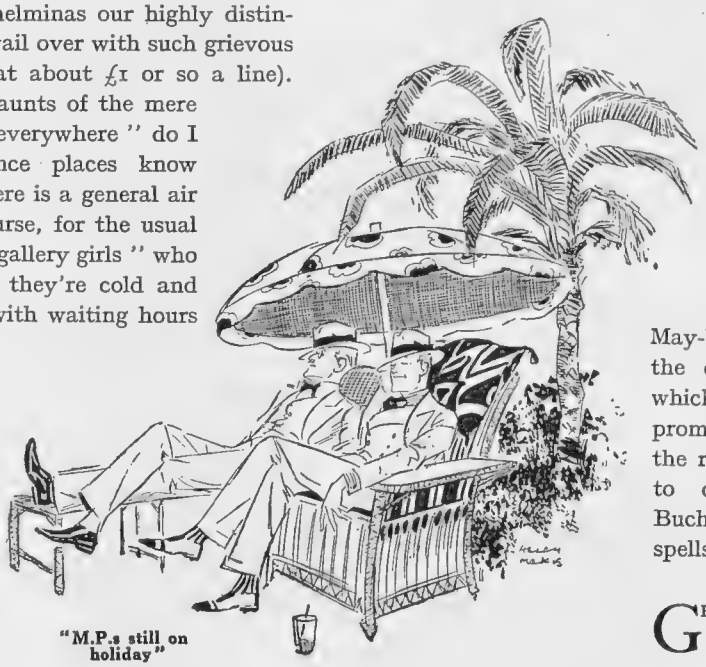
WHO could, anyway, help being thrilled by almost everything just now and at this time or turn o' the year? When at last, after the "rains and ruins" of early Spring, the world walks in such ineffably lovely beauty, "all in gay green bedight." Fresh green, still untouched by the hot suns of summer, and all those tender colours of the young May-blossoming trees and the early-flowering blooms which are just a sort of promise or *hors-d'œuvre* of the rich blaze that's bound to come later, do Mr. Buchan and his horrid cold spells what they will.



"M.P.s still on holiday"

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GETTING on with it we are, you know, and

(*Continued on page* 442)

Vital Facts about Food

You can never be sure of the purity and wholesomeness of your food when it is kept in a merely cool temperature. For, at any temperature over 50° bacteria can multiply 400 times as fast as in temperatures below that degree. Statistics prove that on 330 days of the average year your larder's temperature is above 50°, *i.e.*, on 330 days bacteria are free to multiply in your food, and destroy its *food value.* The basic reason why you need Frigidaire is that its temperature is always below 50°, and consequently your food is always safe.

How will she grow up?

IN ten, fifteen years' time, will she have the beauty, the vitality, that come from faultless health?

With growing children so much depends on food and its quality. Do you realise, for example, that a joint of beef may contribute to one family nourishment and strength—to another, nothing at all beyond a satisfaction of the appetite?

There will be no *apparent* difference in these joints when served, but—the one has been kept in proper conditions such as Frigidaire provides, the other has been left in an ordinary meat-safe, exposed to warmth and damp. In a few hours bacterial growth has commenced—in a few more, the nutritive value of that joint, the vitamins, the body-building, strength-building goodness, has been irretrievably destroyed.

Every mother of a growing family should read and know these "Vital Facts about Food" given above—and then send the coupon to see how inexpensively the goodness of her children's food may be guaranteed at all times.

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Address .....

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(*Continued from page 440*)

don't you forget it, what with the Derby and Oaks this next week as ever is, even if M.P.s are still on holiday, bless their so terribly overworked little hearts—only a mere miserable little fortnight or so they get for a little recreation and refreshment in the Sunny South, round the Riviera way, or in Italy, or perhaps even Malta or Cyprus that Gladys Peto's just done such a nice book about with her own delightful kind of pictures to illustrate it. Sort of place I'd like to have a perpetual *alibi* at—which reminds me, rather pleasant detectivish sort of new play of same name, *Alibi* to wit, now proceeding at the Prince of Wales's.

Wherein Mr. Charles Laughton, who was so splendidly revolting in *The Man with Red Hair* and had done so well before that in *Mr. Prohack*, does a really rather extraordinarily good sort of Sherlock Holmes of Continental extraction. Why Continental I don't exactly know, except that he's called Poirot and looks rather like Poiret only without the beard. And speaks French, by the way, almost to the manner born and not at all after the George Washington manner—you know, "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little *Hachette*," and all that kind of thing. Quite one of the best mystery plays around, methinks, this is now, said she as fruit of mature thought, and not excepting

"The Derby and the Oaks"

The Silent House (lately returned to Town), which is sure one good piece of its kind, but hasn't quite the same character touch of real drammer in it.

Oh, and talking about thrills . . . who says we don't want to be thrilled? Anyway, simply enormous excitement there was about revival of *Grand Guignol* at the Little, and if it isn't quite so heart-stirring, not to say disturbing, as some of us p'raps had hoped, well, at any rate, that's not my fault. One really good thriller there is anyway—called *Something More Important*, I think it is — all about a nice young boy from Oxford or somewhere who picks up a lady of no particular reputation and gets murdered by the gentleman who happens to be living in the same house as the lady (please observe delicacy of allusion hereto), and after some chat they put him in a box which an interfering policeman rather wants to open, but his inspector waves him on to the really important business of the evening, which is raiding a night-club next door, and so good-bye . . . Wherein there's the right G.G. flavour, *sans doute*, but I do think they ought to give us just a little more horror in the rest, which, alas, they don't, and I never even fainted once, which shows it can't be quite up to the mark, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

The little dodges known as "stripping" a hand and "elimination" play often enable games to be won when otherwise it would not be possible.

Players should always be on the look-out for opportunities of this kind. All may depend upon placing the lead at the critical moment.

Here is a case in point:—

S.—9, 6, 3, 2.
H.—9, 5, 3.
D.—A, 8, 4.
C.—10, 7, 2.

S.—10, 8, 5.
H.—A, K, 7, 6.
D.—K, 10, 6.
C.—Q, 9, 3.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S.—7.
H.—J, 10, 2.
D.—J, 9, 7, 5, 2.
C.—J, 8, 6, 4.

S.—A, K, Q, J, 4.
H.—Q, 8, 4.
D.—Q, 3.
C.—A, K, 5.

Score: Game all. Z dealt and bid "One Spade." All passed.

A opened the King, Ace of Hearts, and, encouraged by his partner's play of the 10 on the Ace, continued the suit, thinking B might have the Queen.

Z won the third trick with the Queen of Hearts and led three winning Spades, exhausting the adversaries' trumps. He then threw down his hand, remarking:

"I must lose a Diamond and a Club."

A B therefore saved the game with two tricks in Hearts and one in Diamonds and one in Clubs.

. . . . . .

His partner, Y, was a little nettled at the result. "I don't think you need have been in such a hurry," he remarked. "If you have played them out you might have made game."

"It must be evident to the *meanest intelligence*," replied Z sarcastically, "that I must lose a Diamond and a Club. I don't believe in wasting time unnecessarily."

. . . . . .

Now, of course you will see that Z was quite wrong and that Y's criticism was correct.

All Z had to do after his three rounds of trumps was to play his Ace, King, and then 5 of Clubs.

A, unless he had been clever enough to throw his Queen of Clubs on second round of the suit (and there was no reason why he should), must win the third Club trick. A now has nothing but a Heart and three Diamonds in his hand. If he leads a Heart Z ruffs in Dummy and discards a Diamond from his own hand. If he leads a Diamond Z passes it up to his Queen.

In either case Z goes game.

You may say that this is judging by results, and that the issue depended upon A holding both Queen of Clubs and King of Diamonds and being put in the lead at the critical moment.

But the point is that Z failed to realise the possibility of this position and did not give himself a chance, and so failed to secure game and rubber.

A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON

GROUCH, Major Reginald. *Educ:* Sing-Sing Military College and Army & Navy Stores. Edited Crochet Workers' Gazette 1893-1902. Joined staff Hickville Weekly Journal as Foreign and Local Correspondent. Fought in Spanish-American War 1907 on the Spanish side and later on the American side. Writer of great imaginative ability. *Publications:* "My Life Among the Zulus" 1894. "Forty years a Missionary" 1895. "China as I know Her" 1896. "A Magistrate in Alexandria" 1897. "Across the Sahara in a Balloon" 1898. *Tel. Address:* "Worthington." *Favourite Indoor Sport:* (See Tel. Address).

CRICKET

OUR NEXT ENGLAND WICKET-KEEPER

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

THE cricket season has now been in progress for a month, and all the county wicket-keepers have been seen in action. No doubt the Selection Committee have been watching their performances with an anxious and critical eye with a view to the forthcoming series of Tests in Australia.

Two stumpers of the highest order will be required to represent England "down under," and the time allowed for a decision on the merits of the various candidates is now only a matter of weeks. Of late years we have been fortunate to have had one occupant of this important post who stood out by himself, the famous "Struddy."

He has now resigned, still practically at the full height of his powers, and has left a vacancy which is hard to fill. Although Strudwick was incomparable behind the sticks, and had the safest hands and the quickest eye of any of his contemporaries, he certainly was not a very great batsman, and we ought this time, if possible, to get someone to represent us in Test Matches who can be relied upon to get runs. We can no longer afford to carry any passengers "in the boat," whatever their gifts as specialists in other directions.

Oldfield, the Australian, would bat high up in any county side over here, and Nunes, Wight, and Fernandes, of the West Indies, are all first-class batsmen. Surely we can produce a few Belgian hares instead of home-bred rabbits at the end of the English innings with such examples given us from the Dominions. I know it is very hard for a wicket-keeper whose mind has been at full stretch throughout a five hundred-run innings in a baking sun to produce any form with the bat. In fact, a good many of our leading wicket-keepers absolutely refuse to take batting seriously.

This attitude of mind is, I think, passing, and is now only prevalent amongst some of the older generation of stumpers. The younger ones realise that to get into an England side, which should be the goal of every cricketer's ambition, or even to play for their counties, they must excel in more than one department of the game.

I, personally, have no doubt as to the identity of the two cricketers upon whom the choice of the Selection Committee should fall. With regard to the first selection, I do not suppose there will be any real dispute amongst the followers of cricket, judging by what has already appeared in the Press. It seems to be the universal opinion, only remaining to be ratified by the Selectors, that Ames, of Kent, is the man we want to replace Herbert Strudwick.

My old friend, Jerry Weigall, the somewhat ancient Kent cricketer, who is such a mine of information and theory about the game, and whose word nobody would think of disputing, says that he discovered in young Ames, when he was barely "breeched," a future England cricketer. This is one of the many things which shows how lucky we are to have Mr. Weigall still amongst us, although he retired some time ago from county cricket. However, although I always enjoy talking with Mr. Weigall, when I have a chance to get a word in edgeways, or about him, I must return to young Ames.

Ames is really a youngster, which seems a great advantage, and he has made a tremendous reputation, although he has only played a short time for Kent. His wicket-keeping is distinguished by exceptionally clean taking of the ball, a good stance at the wicket, and a marked alertness in all his movements. He has a cheerful personality and can take the rough with the smooth, and is not likely to fret or worry when things are going wrong. He is ambitious to reach the top of the tree in his profession, and has the power of application to do so. Added to this, he is a batsman of real high class, with many beautiful strokes all round the wicket, and a good defence. A far bigger future lies undoubtedly before him.

I very much hope the Selectors will agree with my second choice. I have known George Brown, of Hampshire, intimately for the last sixteen years. Had he been allowed to keep wicket for his county, instead of being required as a fast bowler, his name would have now been a household word in that department. He is very fond of keeping wicket, and does it wonderfully well when he gets the chance. I never saw a finer exhibition than he gave at last year's Folkestone Festival, when he kept wicket there, and Mr. Plum Warner, amongst others, was most enthusiastic about his skill. He is also a magnificent bat, and especially formidable against fast bowlers—he seems quite to enjoy being hit by them—as well as being the finest mid-off in the world. At the present moment he is slightly *hors de combat*, owing to an unfortunate motor accident, but he ought to be fit again very soon.

I, for one, therefore, shall rejoice if our team to Australia takes out as its wicket-keepers Ames and Brown.

By Mac

NEW YORKSHIRE FACES

Captain W. A. Worsley, Yorkshire's new skipper, and Wood, who has succeeded Dolphin behind the wicket

Haig

The Whisky of the Empire

(with our new bottle seal)

One more attraction is now added to this World-famed brand of Whisky. The opening of the bottle is simplified with a new seal which is quick, clean, safe, and eliminates the possibility of impregnation by faulty corks. Here is the device—

TO
OPEN
Remove capsule, raise lever and push upward

TO
CLOSE
Replace the cap and push the lever down

Nobody can put finer quality Whisky into a bottle than goes into the Haig bottle.

Haig
WHISKY

Doctors are demanding it. Judges are using it. Sufferers from acidity find it safer than any other stimulant.

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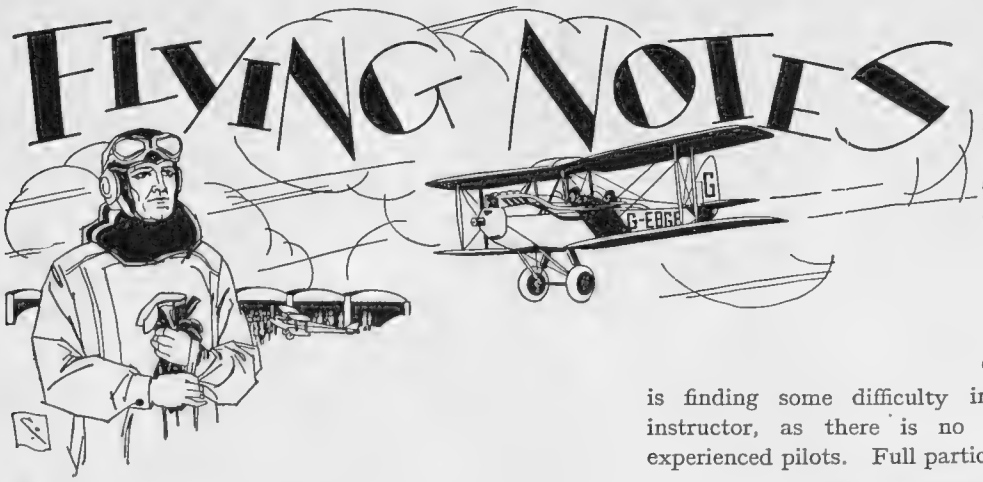
100 YEARS AGO!

CENTENARY OF MR ENO'S BIRTH!

KEEPING THE WORLD WELL!

When Mr. J. C. Eno was born one hundred years ago the world was beginning to go on wheels—to work indoors instead of outdoors—to use mind instead of muscle. And sixty years ago—to restore to us our natural health amid these unnatural conditions of life—Mr. Eno offered the world his now famous effervescent saline. ¶ Constipation, headaches, heaviness, indigestion, sleeplessness—Eno's "Fruit Salt" removes their root cause. Eno prompts our most important bodily function to work dutifully and to time. Eno keeps the bloodstream cool and clean and vigorous. Eno helps to make up for our lack of sunshine and exercise and fresh air and simple fare. ¶ Year by year, in every land, more and more people have taken to Eno. For they know they can trust it to do its work simply, safely and surely. ¶ As life moves faster and faster the demands on health become greater and greater. But Eno—the same Eno known to our great-grandparents, with the same power to do you good without ever doing you harm—Eno, in the old familiar bottle, is on the bathroom shelf. ¶ Buy a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt" to-day—*take Eno first thing every morning.*

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" connote the world-famous effervescent saline of J C. Eno Ltd. and are registered trade marks.



At the official opening of the Clubhouse by Colonel Sir Edward Brotherton, Bart., president of the Yorkshire Aeroplane Club, there was a satisfactory gathering from all parts of the county of those interested in a sport which will become particularly a county affair. The Club's aerodrome at Sherburn-in-Elmet is situated in delightful country, far away from the smoke of the manufacturing districts. At the time it was chosen there was some hope that an aerodrome could be found sufficiently near Leeds to serve the business community for air transport, but no suitable ground was available within many miles of the city, bearing in mind that a club aerodrome must have open country around it to cater for the forced landings of the inexperienced. Leeds hopes to get its municipal aerodrome quite soon, and local interest in the same subject has been roused again in Manchester by Mr. John Leeming's latest pamphlet, which points out the benefits to the community of an air port for direct connections with Continental services. Lancashire and its Aero Club are fortunate in having such an able propagandist as Mr. Leeming at their disposal, as it seems that there will be as much rivalry between Lancashire and Yorkshire in aviation as there has been in other forms of sporting and commercial enterprise.

The Midland Club's new "X" type Moth, called "Wulfrun," was presented to them by Mr. J. D. and Mr. N. D. Graham, of Wolverhampton. At the Hampshire Air Pageant the Club will be represented by Flt.-Lt. Rose on a "Moth" and Mr. Cazalet on his "Widgeon." Captain Stack has been giving instruction at Lympne for the Cinque Ports Club, which is finding some difficulty in getting a permanent instructor, as there is no unemployment amongst experienced pilots. Full particulars concerning the new club formed at Edinburgh can be had from Mr. Connolley, of Leith Walk, Edinburgh, who announces that the first machine is due in a few days' time.

Central Press

A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT

Mrs. Coates prepares to go up on a demonstration flight at the new flying school at Maylands, near Brentwood. She is one of the directors of the school

Sport and General

THE OPENING CEREMONY

Colonel Sir Edward Brotherton performing the opening ceremony at the Yorkshire Aeroplane Club's new Clubhouse at Sherburn-in-Elmet. This Club is a centre of considerable activity among private owners and flying pupils

It will be interesting to compare flying times and costs with the first two Canadian Light 'Plane Clubs of Saskatoon and Hamilton, as they have been formed on the lines which have proved so successful here. The Brisbane Flying School in Australia has been operating for a year with two "Moths" and a staff of one instructor and one engineer. Flying hours have amounted to 615, covering 5,000 separate flights, and the damage has been confined to one undercarriage, which shows the advantages of flying over the wide open spaces.

Sir Alan Cobham has made arrangements to extend the last stage of his return flight from Africa to include a tour of all the large ports in this country before his final landing at Rochester. At Plymouth, Hull, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool and Cardiff there will be an opportunity of seeing this giant metal

flying boat in flight and on the water, as landings will be made at each place and civic receptions are being organised.

It has not yet been decided whether it will be possible to land on the Thames, owing to the restricted space available, but the machine will certainly be seen over London on its way from Plymouth to Hull. It is not without significance that a flying boat which has covered 20,000 miles through and round Africa should visit those ports in this country from which air yachts and air liners will set out in future for similar voyages. To most people the chief attraction of a flying boat will be the short time it spends being unpleasant on the water.

Victims of sea-sickness will note with interest that the Channel crossing is to be robbed of its terrors by a French company, which proposes to run a seaplane service from Dover to Calais connecting with the usual trains. Although this will save no time, a certain number of people will become convinced of the safety and convenience of air travel thereby, and we shall find that increasing numbers will use the "Silver Wing" service in future.

Lady Heath landed at Croydon, after flying from Cape Town in her "Avian," not wearing usual flying kit, but dressed as for Bond Street in a fur coat, silk stockings and a neat Paris hat. She says that her machine is as comfortable as a car, warm and quiet, with no oily habits, so that special flying clothes are unnecessary. Her flight on a machine similar to that used by Mr. Hinkler for his record from London to Australia is the first solo flight from any oversea Dominion to this country.

By E. G. Hynes

BIRD MEN—No. 6: CAPTAIN GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND

In 1909 he learned to fly on a machine designed and built by himself. After being Technical Director to the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, he formed his own company in 1920

Rewards are being offered, I understand, to anyone producing a machine which will fly to Cape Town non-stop, as the African air route offers practically no scope for further records.

A most important publication, which has never been given adequate Press notice, and one which should be a *vade-mecum* to every private owner, is the "Air Pilot (Great Britain)." Thirty-two and sixpence seems a lot of money for a "Blue Book," but for this sum one becomes a subscriber for life to an official encyclopædia and atlas, which is brought up to date each month by a free supplement. Information on aerodromes and air routes abroad is included, though it is intended later to issue this separately. Urgent news of interest to pilots is issued by wireless, and confirmed in "Air Ministry Notices to Airmen," those familiar blue slips which can be obtained post free by anyone holding a pilot's licence.

C. E. Ward.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Private View

FOR MEN ALONE

By D.A.B.

THE House of Pope & Bradley have always been admirers of women. We realise that without them the world would be a very dull place for all except those who possess imagination vivid enough to create new emotions to take their place.

But we are of the opinion that there are some precincts which should be kept for man alone. (The title of this article is ambiguous, and would be more suitable for an advertisement subtly designed for women to read.)

Too much of anything, even women, lessens appreciation, and for this reason alone there should be times and places unadorned by women; periods of recuperation and relaxation. A man enjoys being with a woman in the evening far more if he has not seen her all day.

In the same way he likes to go to places where he will not see a woman, however alluring, in any shape or form. And in certain moods a man may consider it regrettable that many London clubs reserve part of their premises for lady guests.

However, there are still some places sacred to man alone. We welcome women to our showrooms, for sometimes our clients, paying a compliment to feminine intelligence, will not select a cloth without their advice; so, if they desire, ladies are received with courtesy outside our fitting-rooms. But there is a unique reception room at 14, Old Bond Street, into which no woman may penetrate, where men can sit with men alone and, if they desire, tell funny stories without fear of offending the delicacy of a feminine ear. Naturally women cannot in reality be shocked, and, for that matter, they probably tell similar stories themselves; however, there is a convention over the subject.

We think we are right in barring women from this room. For we represent one of the few remaining trades which cater for men alone.

Financially, it is a pity we do not make clothes for women instead of men. We should long ago have retired as millionaires. As it is, our prices are masculinely modest: Lounge suits from 10 guineas; Dinner suits from 14 guineas; Dress suits from 16 guineas; Overcoats from 10 guineas; Riding breeches from £6 16s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

"CELANESE" CELLULAR UNDERWEAR

Light—Cool—Non-Irritant

Among the many fine productions for Summer in the Meakers Shops is the new "Celanese" Cellular Underwear. Made from a strong porous fabric, which allows the body to breathe freely; soft—cool—elastic and, very important, non-irritant. It is produced in a rich cream colour and has the beautiful "Celanese" Lustre finish. Sizes up to 38″—Trunks or Vests 6/11. Combinations 8/11. There is also the "Celanese" De Luxe in Ivory, Novi and Azure. Sizes up to 38″—Trunks or Vests 15/6. Pants 18/6. Combinations 27/6.

Outsizes slightly extra. Postage on one garment 4*d.*

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MEAKERS

48 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

And at all the Meakers Shops.

RELIABLE AS OAK

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

An Early Check

It did not take long for the elements to interrupt the even tenor of the London polo season. After a fortnight's fine weather the rain came so substantially that it became necessary to post the doleful notice, "No Polo To-day," with which we are all too familiar at the gates of the London clubs. Nearly a week has been cut out of the opening month of the season, and this meant considerable dislocation in the arrangements of the Whitney Cup, always one of the most interesting tournaments of the campaign in Town. It has ever been against polo that the game is so much at the mercy of the weather, but one can see no help for it. In the latter half of the season club managers do not mind their grounds being abominably cut up in wet weather, but they are naturally careful of them just now with so many important events to be decided later on.

The Champions

Before the rain came a start was made with the early ties of the Whitney competition, and they produced some excellent polo. The Hurricanes, who won the Champion Cup last year, found themselves confronted with a formidable task. They had to concede a start of 8½ goals to the Incas, and as the latter are a well-mounted team, including such good hitters as Major Philip Magor, Capt. G. V. Scott-Douglas, and Capt. G. Carr White, the champions had all their work cut out to wipe off their arrears. Half-time found the Incas still 4½ goals in front, and they managed to cling to a lead until the last chukker, when the Hurricanes had to score twice to win and at the same time keep their opponents out. This they managed to do, Wing-Commander Wise being responsible for some particularly good work in the closing stage of the struggle.

Fine Hitters

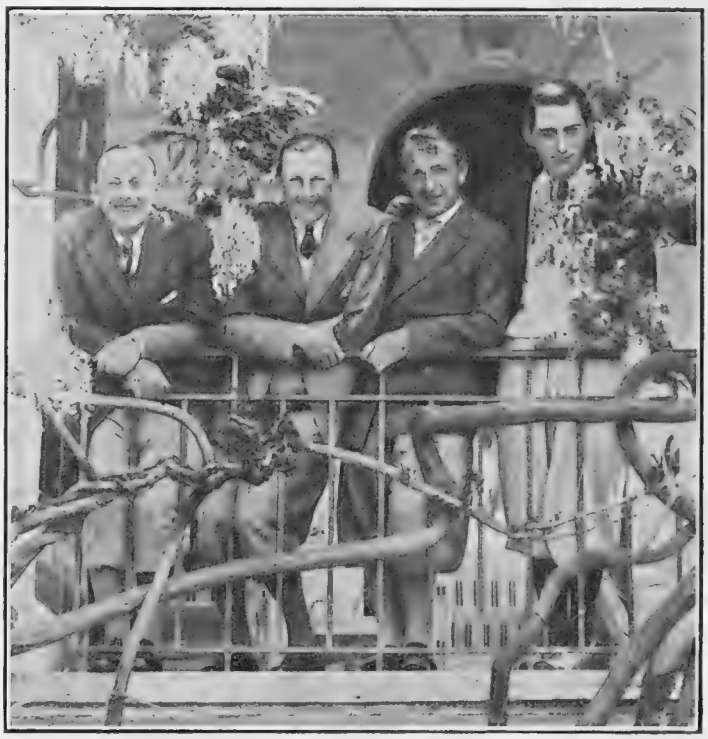
This player is likely to maintain his reputation as one of the best in England this season. He is finely mounted, and besides having many beautiful strokes he knows the art of the game from beginning to end. In the Hurricanes team he has the advantage of having behind him Major Jack Harrison, one of the safest backs in modern polo. Although he rides at an exceptionally big weight, Major Harrison's clever ponies, coupled with his own intuitive knowledge of where the ball is about to go, usually enable him to be in the right place at the right time. The team is completed by Mr. Sanford and Capt. C. T. I. Roark, both of whom are able to use their superb ponies to advantage. Whatever the fate of the Hurricanes in the Whitney Cup—the tournament was not over when these Notes were written—it is clear that they will again be a difficult lot to beat in the championship. Another of the early Whitney ties was that in which Eastcott proved too good for the Traillers, to whom they had to give half a goal on the handicap. The losing team is run by Mr. John Traill, who is usually a host in himself, but in this particular match he was not at the top of his form. Both Mr. Earl Hopping and his son did well for the winners, and Mr. Roddy Wanamaker showed that he is even better in the game than when he played here two or three years back.

Father and Sons

One of the charms of polo is that many men are able to take a prominent part in it when well over forty. It is delightful to see the two Hoppings playing together, and there are plenty of other examples of fathers and their sons playing at the same time. Later in the season Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest hopes to have both his sons from America working with him in the Templeton team. The elder of the boys, Winston Guest, has never played in this country so far as I know, but his reputation in polo stands very high in the United States, of which he became a naturalised citizen last year. He is thought to be almost certain of his place in the next international matches between England and America, which are to be played in 1930. There is ample cause for regret in English polo circles that Winston Guest should have elected to belong to his mother's country, for young players of his exceptional promise are few and far between.

THE DERBY

The next number of The Bystander, *which will be on sale on Derby Day, June 6, will contain features of special interest in connection with this famous race.* "Carbine" *will sum up the prospects of the leading candidates, and there will be a page of Derby cartoons by* "The Tout." *In addition, a striking double page in full colour, specially painted for* The Bystander *by* Gilbert Holiday, *will show an interesting aspect of the famous race*



FRIENDLY RIVALS AT AIX-LES-BAINS

Percy and Aubrey Boomer with Willie and Tommy Armour photographed at Aix-les-Bains, where they fought out an inter-family golf match on the famous links. The brothers Armour brought off a brilliant victory with a score which included 63 for the first 18 holes

Adding Grace to British Films

STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN SEEN IN "STILL" LIFE

MISS DOROTHY BOYD

MISS EVELYN HOLT

Two beautiful and attractive stars who have come to the fore in the Film firmament. On the left: Miss Evelyn Holt is the Continental film actress who is appearing with Ivor Novello in "Fortune Hunters," a new Gainsborough production in which no make-up is being used. Miss Dorothy Boyd (*above*) is the twenty-one-year-old British film actress who is playing in "A Girl of To-day," a new British film, under the direction of Mr. George Pearson

MAIL-CLAD KNIGHTS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION'S CRUSADERS CHARGING THE SARACENS *I.B.*

THE NORFOLK OLD GUARD REHEARSING THE ARMS DRILL OF THE PERIOD *Central News*

Two of the incidents in the forthcoming Aldershot Command Tattoo, which will take place in Rushmore Arena on June 19 and four following days, in active rehearsal. Nearly five thousand troops are taking part in the historical pageant

Femina

DULL WALLS AT THE ACADEMY

By MRS. M. VINCE

I HAVE seen this year's Academy called a number of different things, but if you were to look at the dozen or so paintings of rooms which it contains you would certainly call it the Academy of dull walls. Perhaps it is well that these pictures are scattered about, for if they were hung together the dullness of their rooms would be very apparent. I counted three rooms with plain cream walls, three with grey, two with green, one with yellow, and three with putty-coloured or fawn. Not only were the walls plain, but there was hardly any design elsewhere. Curtains were plain. Carpets, for the most part, were plain.

THERE was one room with grey walls, and the only design, and, indeed, the only bright colour in the room, was two plates. They were hung right in the middle of this expanse of grey—with framed prints above them. It is shocking that any householder should use plates in that way. It is still more shocking that any artist should paint them. Every right-minded person going into that room would want to throw something at them and break them. Even in the picture they were a temptation. I hurried on to the next room.

WE are used to plain walls, and the fashion of the moment is not only for plain walls, but for plain colours everywhere in the room. I think we use too little design and depend too much on colour. The perfect room is the room in which both are used. No doubt the present fashion will pass and design will come back again. But whatever the limitations of the present fashion for plain colours, it is a fashion for bright colours. There are pictures at the Academy which show that fashion—a room with plain cream walls and plain deep blue curtains; another room with plain brown walls and a plain vivid green carpet. But besides these there are pictures of interiors showing a taste—which I hope will go no further—for plain rooms with very little colour. Very chilly, monotonous rooms they are.

A ROOM is a very different thing from the points of view of the artist and decorator. That is why it is unwise to look at pictures of interiors and say what a charming room that must be, when all its charm is in something which has nothing to do with the room itself. It may be in a vase of flowers, or the bright colour of a woman's dress, or even a ray of sunshine. Unless you can make these chance things in the room permanent, beware of these low-toned and plain rooms in which the present-day Academy artists seem to delight.

IT is unwise, also, to look at the corner of a room which is all that a picture can show and think that because a glimpse of grass-green carpet or the fold of a bright blue curtain looks so attractive the whole carpet and the whole curtain and the whole room will be attractive too. That is exactly the mistake which so many people make, not merely when they look at a picture of a room, but when they are engaged in the more practical business of choosing the decorations for their houses.

Mabel Robey

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

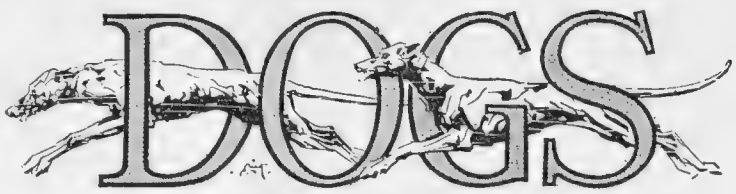
A charming study of Miss Lilian Davies, who is to be the leading lady of "Marjolaine," which will shortly be seen in Town. Since she made her name in "Polly," Miss Davies has been a great favourite on the musical stage

Sport and General

THE WAY HE SHOULD GO

John Warrender, one of the small sons of Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, receives his final instructions on Cadogan Happy, before riding at Olympia, from Mr. Horace Smith, of the Cadogan Riding School. John is evidently keeping up the family tradition, as his mother is a notable horsewoman

SOMETIMES it is possible in an actual house to have, and make permanent, those things which often give such an illusion of beauty to rooms seen in a picture. One of the most charming houses I know is painted throughout in white. It is a large house, and the walls of every room are white. Yet it never looks cold, and it certainly never strikes one as monotonous. It is always gay. That is because it is a house in the country. It has large windows; it has a beautiful garden; it has fine pictures on the walls, and it is always full of flowers. But we cannot all come so near to living in a picture as that. We must often do without sunshine. We must often do without flowers. We cannot always have attractive, brightly-dressed people in our rooms. If the rooms are to be beautiful it must be by their own colours and their own designs.



By "The Kennelman"

To-day (Wednesday) Messrs. Spillers, those universal providers of dogdom, are benching and feeding a Dog Show at Haslemere that will attract many visitors. These smaller Shows, when staged by experts, have even more appeal for some doggy enthusiasts than the big four and five thousand entry events, because of their intimate, leisurely quality. The seventy or eighty odd Shows fixed for leafy June will include Bristol, Llandudno, St. Austell, Maidenhead, Leicester, Wakefield, Birmingham, Bodmin, Grimsby, Oxford, Halifax, Taunton, Winchester, Ashford, Ripon, and a variety of specialist Shows, as at Ranelagh, Regent's Park, Bloomsbury, etc.—a busy month for the doggy.

The immense number of new motor cars being placed on the roads seems to add to, rather than diminish, public interest in hunting and in horse-riding and driving; and this may have something to do with the rather marked recent increase in the popularity of that very sound Dog, the Dalmatian: the Carriage Dog, as he used often to be called. Hardy, active, docile, and built on fine Pointer lines, the Dalmatian is exceptionally teachable, a good guard, and a handsome fellow in his showy way. The reader of these Notes who has received the gift of a champion-bred pup of this breed is worrying herself quite unnecessarily over the fact that the little chap is "white all over, with hardly a spot from nose to tail; only, here and there, a sort of ghost of one." It's quite in order; the ghosts will soon materialise. Dalmatians are born pure white, and don't begin to show their plum-pudding markings till after the third month. By the same token, in contrast with many other breeds, they show curly tails as pups, which generally straighten out like a Pointer's in the furnished animal.

Probably because of the ease of transport they offer in remote countrysides, the motors seem to help also public appreciation of such fascinating sport as Hound Trailing, Bloodhound Trials, Field Spaniel Trials, and the like; great games all, and extraordinarily rich in interest for students of animal psychology. Information regarding the Gun Dog fixtures can always be had from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, and about Bloodhound Tracking from Mrs. Edmunds, of Ledburn Manor, Leighton Buzzard, the Hon. Sec. of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders. The Hound Trailing season comes in with cricket, and lasts till summer ends. There ought to be more of it seen in the South, but at present the lake and fell country of the North has all the finest Hound Trailing events.

A New York correspondent announces as a novelty that an American veterinary surgeon is performing operations to prevent Dogs from barking. This is a horrid practice, but no novelty, for it was tried out many years ago in this country, and is still done occasionally, though such organisations as the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals) are quite rightly all against it. Man, not Nature, taught Dogs to bark; and, rationally cared for, they bark only in rational fashion, expressing joy, eagerness (as in the chase), warning (as of fire, thieves, etc.), salutation, or supplication. To rob them of their voices by means of a painful operation is a scurvy trick to play upon man's First Friend; and it really is a fact that where a Dog's barking is a nuisance the fault lies with that Dog's human associates, and is the result of irrational treatment or neglect: unreasonable confinement, inadequate dietary, lack of bedding, etc.

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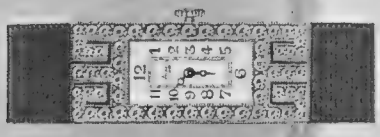

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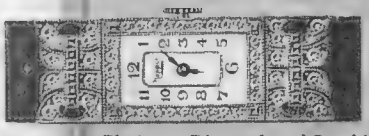

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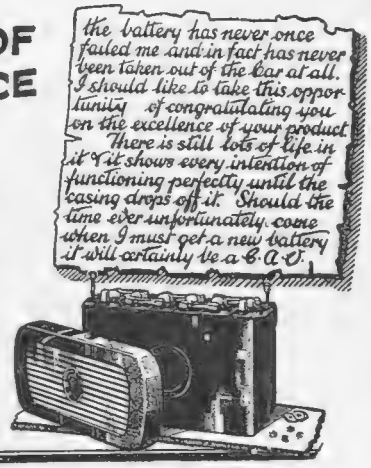

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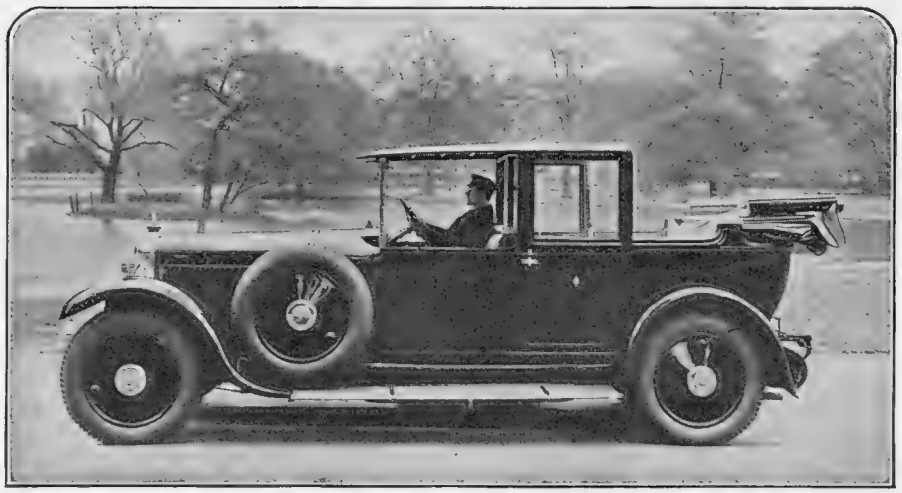


A STATELY CAR

A Hooper limousine landaulette on a 35-120 Daimler chassis which has been supplied to the Earl of Derby. The car is painted in the family colours, blue and red, with grey cloth upholstery, and Triplex glass is fitted throughout

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

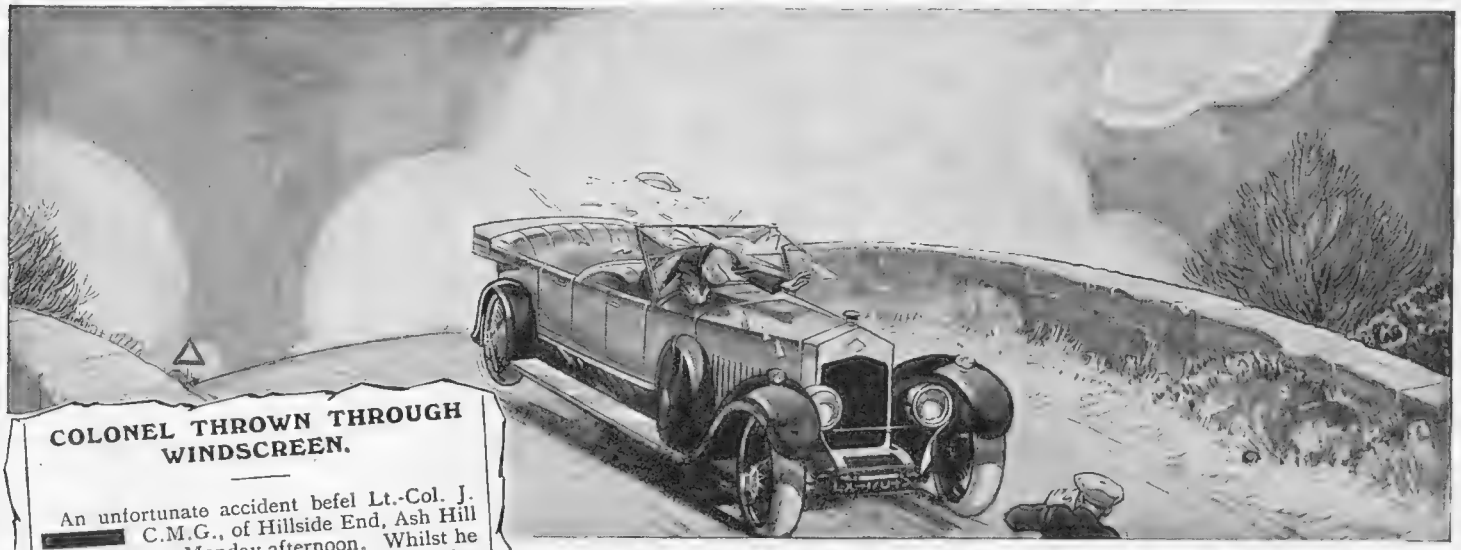
THE Chief Constable of Hertfordshire is a sportsman. Complaints of excessive speed having been made by the good folk of King's Langley, he has publicly announced that traffic would have to be timed passing through the town. This is not a trap in the usual sense, because the notice has been given as wide publicity as possible. It is issued more as a warning, and those convicted of exceeding the speed limit have only themselves to blame. If only the Metropolitan Police would take a leaf out of this Hertfordshire volume . . . !

THE latest catalogue of the Bergius Company, Ltd., of Dobbie's Loan, Glasgow, makers of the well-known Kelvin marine engines and motor boats, is as full as ever of fascinating material for the enthusiast in marine motoring. All kinds of vessels are made by this old-established concern, and I am much intrigued by the technical description of their latest engines. The one best known to motor-boatists is, of course, the Kelvin sleeve-valve type, but now I see that side-valve engines made under the Ricardo patents have been added to the range.

INCLUDED in the equipment of this engine, which has side valves with masked action, is an impulse starter. This is a device for obtaining a "fat" spark at very low speeds. Working in conjunction with the normal magneto, it produces a rapid movement of the armature at starting and ceases automatically to act when the engine starts. So effective is this device that the engine may be started by the flywheel without the use of the handle. The sleeve-valve engines are of the single-sleeve type, which is the most reliable of any four-stroke, last longest without overhaul, and give most silent running.

* *
*

IN America saloons are said to represent over 80 per cent. of the entire output of private cars. This percentage has not been reached as yet in England, but 1928 has proved to be a saloon year, and there are indications that saloons will be even more popular when the 1929 models are shown. Not the least of the points which have been responsible for the saloon's popularity is the opening head, which is offered on certain makes. With a roof that folds neatly back the motorist can



COLONEL THROWN THROUGH WINDSCREEN.

An unfortunate accident befel Lt.-Col. J. [redacted] C.M.G., of Hillside End, Ash Hill Road, Ash, on Monday afternoon. Whilst he was driving a motor-car over the canal bridge on his way home, Col [redacted] had reason to apply the brakes very suddenly, with the result that the wheels became locked and he was thrown through the windscreen.

Instinctively he thrust his hands forward in an endeavour to regain his balance, and this action no doubt saved him from serious injury to the head. Col [redacted] sustained some deep cuts to his wrists and hands.

Extract from "The Surrey Times," 28th January, 1928.

ORDINARY GLASS—THE DANGER

BY careful driving many accidents may be avoided, but as our illustration shows, other road users may involve you. Official statistics prove that ordinary glass is responsible for the majority of personal injuries in accidents. Eliminate this ever-present peril by fitting your car with *Triplex*—the glass that cannot splinter.

Normal orders for Triplex can now be despatched within ten days and delivered free throughout the United Kingdom.

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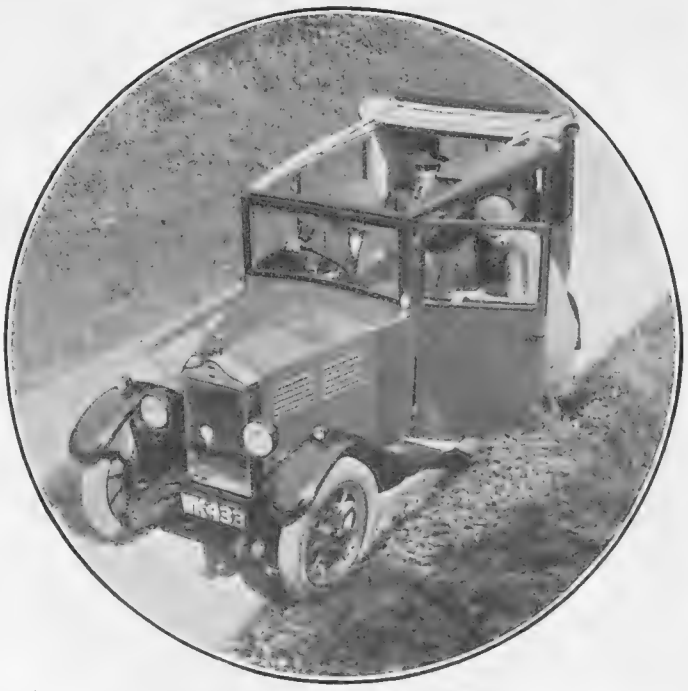
enjoy the best of the summer; a saloon with an opening top has, indeed, the advantages of both open and closed cars.

* *
*

On some models these opening tops are listed as extras, but on others, amongst which may be mentioned the Standard Nine, they can be obtained without increased charge. A well-made folding head, too, in no way detracts from the appearance of the car. The "Stanlite" head, for instance, on the model referred to, folds neatly out of the way when open, and, when closed, is almost indistinguishable from the fixed type. It is certain that next year will see more saloons than ever in the past; it is more than likely that there will be an increased demand for opening heads, so that such fine spells of weather as we get may be enjoyed.

* *
*

As though there were not already enough Morris models, the makers have now supplemented the 14-28 h.p. Morris-Oxford range by a new saloon de luxe, the price of which is £275, or £25 more than the standard four-door saloon. The front seats are of the armchair type, and adjustable, while the upholstery throughout is in brown furniture hide. A V-type windscreen is fitted, the panel on the driver's side being divided. The new model is decidedly attractive, having a nicely curved back and domed roof. The equipment is exceptionally complete, including a blind over the rear window that can be operated from the driver's seat, blinds to the quarter lights, and double door catches, in addition to the very complete equipment which this firm give on the standard model.



LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE

A "Stanlite" opening head as used on the 9 h.p. Standard "Falmouth" saloon. This car is sold at the ordinary price of £215

* *
*

If British readers have a wrong impression of motoring conditions in a country like New Zealand, I am afraid the New Zealanders have only themselves to blame. Hardly a week passes but a letter or photograph appears in one of our motoring weeklies from some reader in New Zealand describing the appalling state of all but the town roads over there and grumbling that our manufacturers do not do more to cater for the rough-and-ready road conditions that their cars will have to meet overseas. I am glad to learn from one of the very live motoring organisations in the North Island that these conditions are by no means unique.

* *
*

It has always struck me that motoring has a wonderful scope in New Zealand. The distances are not too great for car travel; the scenery and outdoor sports are unrivalled anywhere, and the roads are being steadily improved. They have had a 4d. per gallon tax imposed on petrol to raise money for road work, but, of course, they can afford it, for they have no horse-power tax to speak of.

E. M. Wright.

THE THEATRE at the NEW MADAME TUSSAUD'S

The walls are of French "Stuc," and the ceiling is handsomely decorated. The Carpets and Furnishings are in rich tones of Mulberry colour. All the work was carried out by HAMPTON & SONS LTD.

THE NEW MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

The whole of the decorating and furnishing of Madame Tussaud's Theatre, together with all the Colour Schemes, Carpets, Draperies, Canopies, Embroideries, Upholstery and Furniture, etc., of the Exhibition Halls, the Royal, Ecclesiastical and Napoleonic Tableaux, also the decoration and carpeting of the Tea Room, were carried out by Hampton & Sons, Ltd.

EXHIBITION HALL.—The walls throughout are draped with taffeta of a pleasing shade of Vandyke brown. This affords a delightful background for the many handsomely uniformed, and richly-costumed figures. In the Hall of Kings is a reproduction of the Royal Throne and Dais, the Chairs being exact copies of those used by Their Majesties the King and Queen at State functions.

The set Tableaux depicting the death of the Emperor Napoleon is a replica of the one at Versailles.

CINEMA THEATRE.—The decorative scheme of the Theatre is on classic lines modernised and adapted to present-day requirements. The walls are of French "Stuc" surmounted by a richly-coffered ceiling, decorated with gilt bronze, in shades of apricot and pink. In the centre is a handsome dome decorated with cloud effects in tones of gold and amber. The Organ Grilles, at each side of the Proscenium, are of an Italian trellis design. These are surmounted with large shelled alcoves, which afford admirable receptacles for concealed amber lights. The walls of the Stalls and end of Gallery are lined with a richly-figured Walnut panelling.

The doors, entrances, etc., together with the screen at the back of the Auditorium, are also of Walnut, which has been specially selected for its fine figuring. The seating, carpets and curtains are all in a rich shade of Mulberry. The Staircases and Corridors, giving on to the Entrance Hall, are painted with a stippled surface, and the ceilings are of handsomely-modelled plaster.

THE TEA ROOM, adjoining the Staircase leading from the Balcony, is an interesting example of interior decoration in the late 18th century English manner. The ceiling is vaulted, enriched with relief plaster work in the style of the Brothers Adam and painted in Wedgwood tints of pastel blue and cream. The Walls are also panelled and painted in harmony with the curtains, carpets and furniture, all of which are in delicate shades of blue. The whole of the various works described above was carried out by Hampton & Sons.

Wherever the right people meet, there also you will meet the right cigarette – De Reszke, of course!

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Virginias – 10 for 6d.

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Said the duchess to the debutante

"How you modern girls stand the strain I don't know! You haven't even the patience for a spa treatment." "That," interrupted the deb., "is where we moderns have you. I take my spa cure at home—just a wineglassful of Rubinat-Llorach on occasional mornings keeps me as fit as any seasonal visit to the Continent. And why shouldn't it?"

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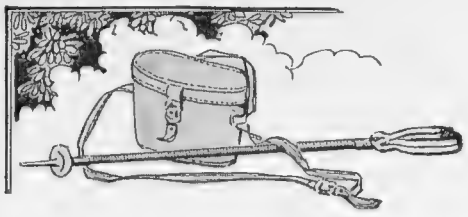
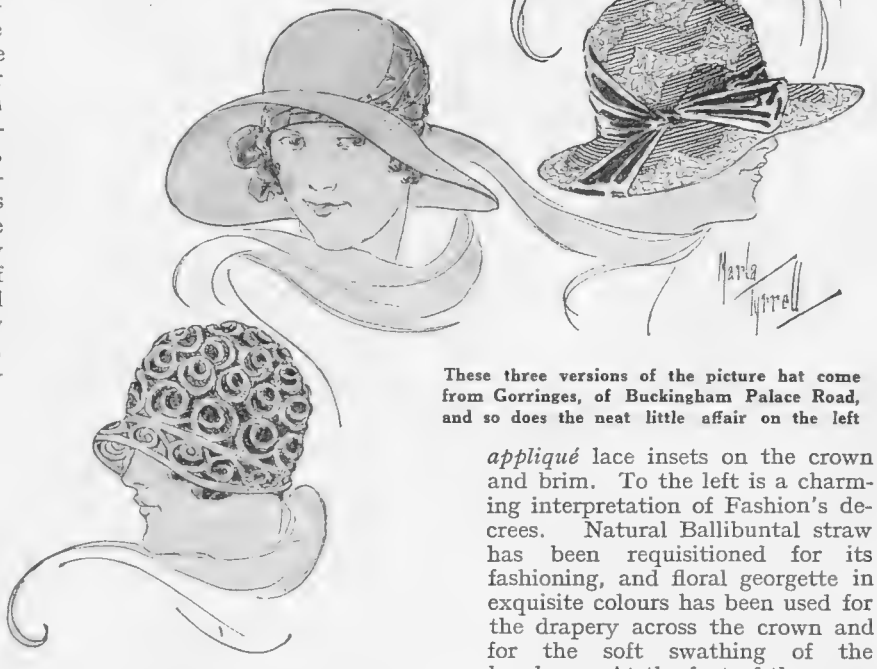


Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Ascot Fashions

It is confidently expected that Ascot will be a particularly brilliant function this year, and fine weather is the one thing for which everybody is hoping. The five Courts are bringing many distinguished visitors to this country from all over the world, while in itself woman's dress is far more picturesque than it has been for many years past. If only the sun will shine picture hats will undoubtedly appear in large numbers, for they are the natural complement of *ensembles* which express lightsome grace and subtle draperies. Summer furs are likely to be seen, and exquisite sprays of orchids and other realistic artificial flowers will be almost universally worn. Printed chiffon, georgette, and lace fashion many very beautiful toilettes.



These three versions of the picture hat come from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, and so does the neat little affair on the left

Distinguished Race Gowns

Whenever any special occasion arises it is to Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, that one inevitably wends one's way, for there they seem to understand everybody's needs. Delightful gowns for the races are to be found there, and particular attention has been paid to the requirements of the older woman. One lovely *ensemble* had a frock of printed *crêpe de Chine* with an all-over daisy design. The hem and side drapery were of blue sultane, and the oval corsage revealed a deep cream vest which was outlined with yellow *crêpe de Chine*. The coat of sultane was cleverly cut to give a large petal effect at the hem. Another beautiful dress opened over a slip of pale grey satin *beauté*. The over-dress of georgette had deep revers and a scalloped hem of satin. A large bow on one shoulder, and a buckle of lapis and *diamanté* worthily finished a very stately model.

The important feature of this weatherproof from Gorringes is the double front. Soft green velveteen fashions the inner garment, while proofed Shangtung makes the dust coat

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Hats to Match

Also from Gorringes, come these four attractive hats. The one at the head of the page is of Chinese hemp in a subtle shade of soft pink, the crown being covered with shaded pansies to tone. The second hat is a particularly graceful one of black crinoline with *appliqué* lace insets on the crown and brim. To the left is a charming interpretation of Fashion's decrees. Natural Ballibuntal straw has been requisitioned for its fashioning, and floral georgette in exquisite colours has been used for the drapery across the crown and for the soft swathing of the bandeau. At the foot of the group is an original little hat of cream straw worked in an openwork design to resemble braid.

Fascinating Sunshades

Keen interest is being shown in the new sunshades. At Gorringes, a really lovely one is made of fine black rayon lace, with alternating rows of parchment-coloured motifs. It costs 75*s*. A sunshade that would be ideal for the *débutante* is made of ruched chiffon in delicate shades, the price being 69*s*. 6*d*. Very pretty rayon sunshades cost as little as 19*s*. 6*d*.

Should it Rain . . . .

Even should the Clerk of the Weather prove unkind he will not have the power to make the scene drab and colourless, for with weatherproofs such as the one sketched on this page even the filmiest dress may be adequately protected, and the daintiest of wraps will recognise a formidable rival. Soft green velveteen has been used for the under-coat, which is joined to the dust coat at the side seams. Natural Shantung, with a rubber back, composes this garment, which is guaranteed to be weatherproof. Pink or blue velveteen may be substituted, and the price is 7½ guineas.

From Walpole Bros. 89, New Bond Street, W., a graceful model of coffee-coloured georgette and Italian filet lace, and the latest in jumper blouses carried out in washing satin

Ever-changing Fashions

NOT so very long ago the Feminine Contingent concentrated their minds on the all-important question of clothes at the commencement of the four official season only, that is, in the spring, summer, autumn, and winter. To-day they may buy fewer frocks at a time, but they buy them all the year round. So it is not only occasionally that the big houses of London and Paris show new models, but practically every day of the year, for the modern designer is never idle and something different makes its appearance almost daily.

The Latest for Ascot

MODELS destined for Ascot, for instance, flow at the moment in a never-ending stream. One of these newcomers, carried out in biscuit crêpe georgine, has a full skirt with a single flounce of orange-coloured Alençon lace, and this same lace appears on both bodice and skirt in the form of inserted horizontal bands. The skirt of another model, of printed chiffon, is cut with the pieces of the material quite narrow at the top and widening out gradually towards the hem, so that the existing fullness is hardly visible. There seems, indeed, a strong tendency for summer modes to break away from the straight line, and skirts that have the material superimposed and arranged after the manner of the corolla of a flower are seen on all sides. Skirts, on dressy frocks at least, are certainly a shade longer and appear even longer than they are in reality, with their points, panels, and godets of varying length.

The All-lace "Ensemble"

LACE, so say those privileged to peep into the future, is to carry all before it at Ascot this season. So it is not surprising to find that it expresses, in a delicious shade of fawn, one of the loveliest *ensembles* sponsored by Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge. This is sketched on the right. Note the original arrangement of the nutria fur on the sleeves and the scarf-ends of the coat, on which lace and georgette are combined. The other Wolland model, sketched below on the left, takes the form of a delightful sports three-piece (9 guineas) expressed in striped silk, with a white jumper bordered with the same fabric as the suit. And other Wolland creations, of which the women who have to dress well on small incomes should take particular note, include an afternoon or restaurant frock of printed *crêpe de Chine* at 7½ guineas, and a graceful evening gown, carried out in printed chiffon or black lace, with irregular flounces that describe a graceful, sweeping movement, at 9 guineas.

The New Idea in Panels

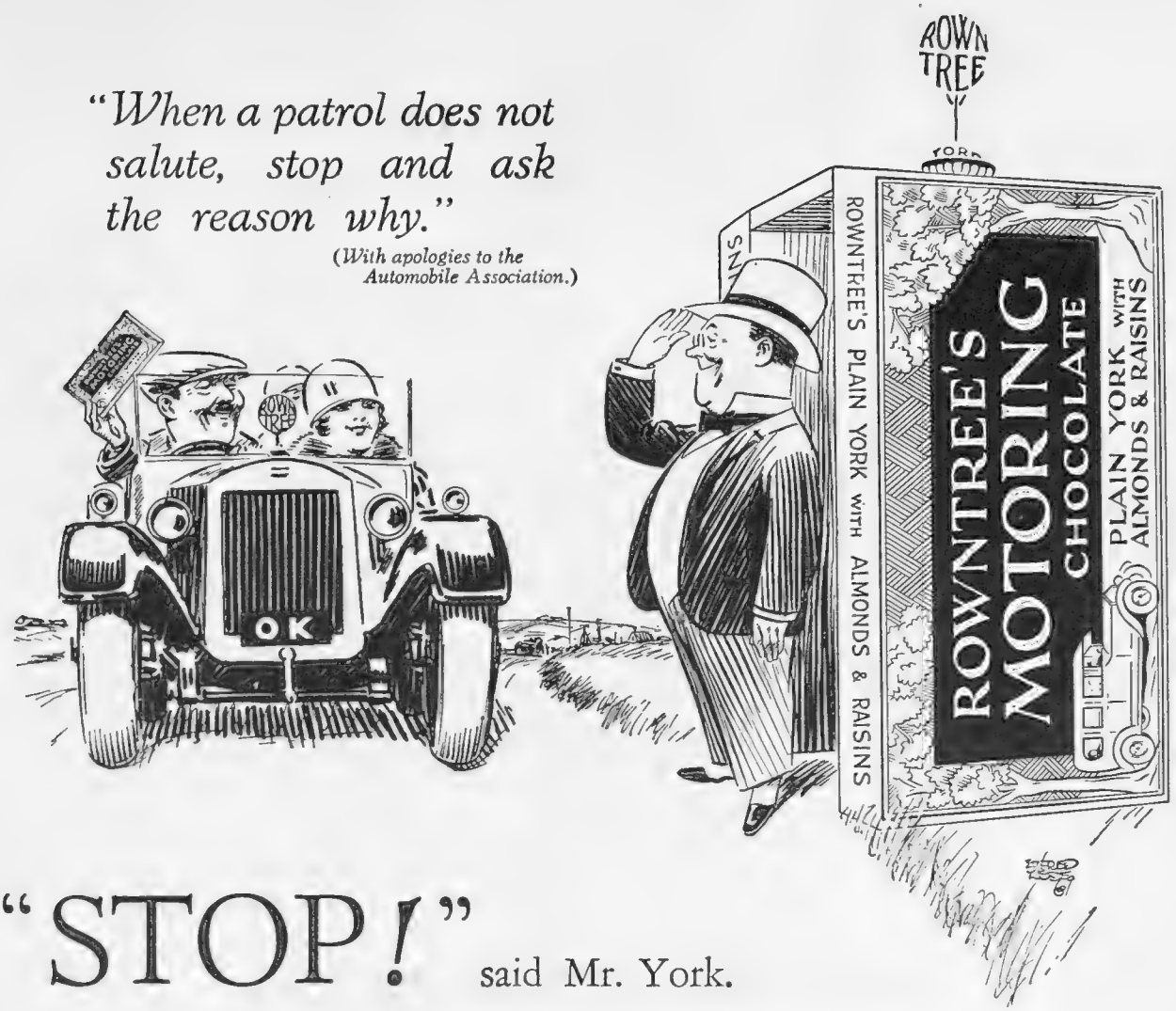
QUITE one of the most becoming models, designed on lengthening and slimming lines, that the season has to offer (from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street), is the gown sketched on the left, for which coffee-coloured georgette and Italian filet lace are used. There are two long panels of this exquisite lace, one in front and one at the back, and it is also employed for the sleeves and yoke. And for wear with the lightweight *tailleur*, without which no summer wardrobe is complete, every woman should invest in some "Walpole" jumper blouses. The one shown, with its attractive jabot and buckled belt, is made of washing satin in ivory or the new "eucrill," and is priced at 69*s.* 6*d.* Walpole Bros. also have branches at 108, Kensington High Street, W., and 175, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, sponsor a lovely Ascot ensemble of heavy fawn lace, trimmed with nutria fur, and an effective sports three-piece expressed in striped silk

Sketches by Margot

"When a patrol does not salute, stop and ask the reason why."

(With apologies to the Automobile Association.)



"STOP!" said Mr. York.

"What's wrong?" asked the driver.

"Have you got everything you want for a long run?" asked Mr. York.

"Yes, I think so—petrol, spare wheel, oil, map, tools . ."

"Is that all?" said Mr. York.

"Oh, you mean Motoring Chocolate? Of course, we've got that. Why, I never go out for a run, long or short, without a cake or two in the pocket by my right hand It's a 'meal at the wheel' and a very good meal too. And the best of it is, it doesn't make you thirsty."

"You re right," said Mr. York. "Motoring Chocolate is made specially nourishing for motorists, so that they can lunch in the open air and enjoy every minute of the sunshine."

ROWNTREE'S MOTORING CHOCOLATE WITH ALMONDS AND RAISINS

½lb. cakes: Plain (red label), 1/-; Milk (blue label), 1/1; & 6d. cakes and same quality in 2d. bars.

A Healthy and Historic Resort

Spa in Belgium is the oldest watering-place in the world. Pliny in his Natural History extols the wonderful virtues of its waters and in the early part of the 18th century the "Pearl of the Ardennes" was already a fashionable health resort, and most of the illustrious names of that era of gallants and fine ladies find place in the record of Spa's visitors—the "Livre d'Or." Spa nestles among gently undulating hills thickly wooded with pine trees, and its wonderful chalybeate springs are as efficacious now as they were in the days of Peter the Great, who came to seek health from their waters. New springs from the moor above Spa have lately been discovered; they are devoid of iron, but their radio-activity adds another precious element to the cure attainable at Spa. Also, the town system of drainage and general hygiene has received the special attention of experts, and is in the van of modern requirements. The mineral waters of Spa were for some centuries used exclusively for drinking as a cure for anæmia. Of recent years, however, the use of mineral water baths has obtained considerable popularity, thanks to the application in the treatment of heart and vascula disorders. As their action depends rather on the carbonic acid with which the waters are naturally saturated than on the iron, they have received the name of "natural carbonic gas baths."

Hard Courts de Luxe

Recently the concluding games of the first round of the Davis Cup Competition at Torquay between the Argentine and Great Britain furnished many thrilling moments. The players went all out for their shots, and the issue hung in the balance for a long time. Despite the hard games of the two previous days and the rain which fell during the night the courts were in splendid condition, and the fast, accurate play which took place was eloquent of their unique absorbent and resilient qualities. It is interesting to note that these courts, which are Gaze's All-Weather Hard Courts, have been in use for a considerable time, having been selected for three consecutive years for the British Hard Court Championships. The perfect surface they afforded for the Davis Cup games is yet further evidence if such were needed, of their consistent and enduring excellence.

A LUCKY NUMBER

That 13 is not always unlucky will be seen on the thirteenth day of June, for on that date THE BYSTANDER SUMMER NUMBER will be on sale. A double number at the usual price, and full of sunshine, its pages abound in good stories and pictures, many of them in colour dealing with Summer subjects. All the usual features will, of course, be included in its pages.

SUMMER NUMBERS:
SOME ARE NOT
THIS ONE IS

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Helping the Children

In considering the appeals which reach us from time to time, we should on no account forget the N.S.P.C.C., as the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is invariably called. Though most of the cruelty that exists results from ignorance and poverty rather than from wilful depravity, the need for watchfulness is still very real and very great. Our children should mean much to us, for it is they who will add to or detract from our national greatness, and we can show a practical appreciation of our care for the little ones by sending a donation for this good work to William J. Elliott, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

For the Holidays

The large numbers of people who travel by motor coach on their holidays will appreciate the help afforded by the Official Long-Distance Motor Coach Time-Table for June issued by *Motor Transport* Dorset House, Tudor Street, E.C.4, at the cost of 3d. All essential information regarding each service is given under one heading, and the increased summer services started at Whitsun are included.

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Mayonnaise of Salmon

Free the fish from skin and bone, and flake in small pieces. Trim, wash, and drain two small cabbage lettuces, break the leaves into pieces (do not cut them) and remove the heart portion for garnishing. Put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on a deep round dish, upon this place a handful of lettuce leaves, next spread over some mayonnaise, and put a layer of cold fish upon this. Proceed thus until the fish and lettuce are used up, then coat over the whole with more mayonnaise, and garnish with hearts of lettuces, hard-boiled egg, fillets of anchovies, capers, and stoned olives. Add seasoning to taste.

Chicken Mould

Mince very finely some cold chicken (about 1 lb.), and mix with it one teaspoonful of minced onion, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, and a very little grated nutmeg. Moisten with one gill of stock, and add two beaten eggs; press into a mould, and steam one hour. Set on ice till firm, and turn out.

Galatine of Veal

1 lb. of fillet of veal, ½ lb. of lean ham, ½ lb. of breadcrumbs, all put through the mincing machine. Mix well together, adding two well-beaten eggs, and flavouring to taste. Also add a little good stock. Tie in the form of a roly-poly in a cloth very tightly, and boil in stock for over two hours. Take out of stock, press into a nice shape, and glaze when cold. EMILIA.

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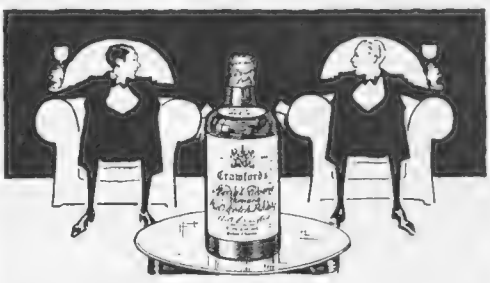

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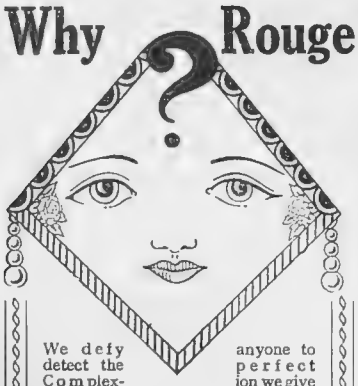

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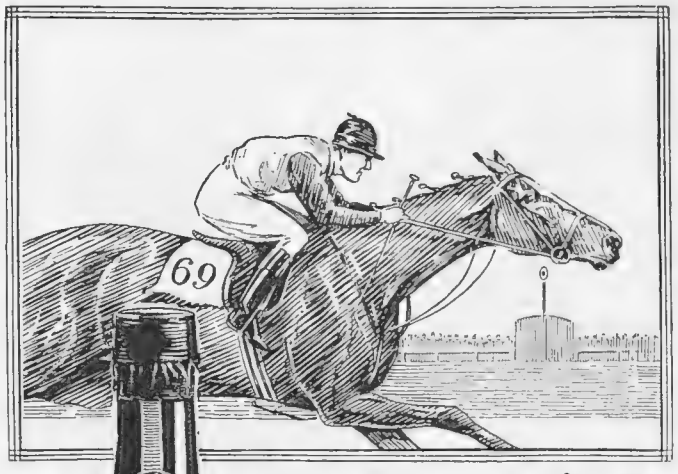

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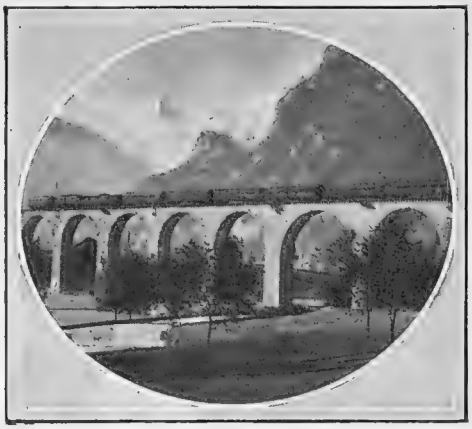

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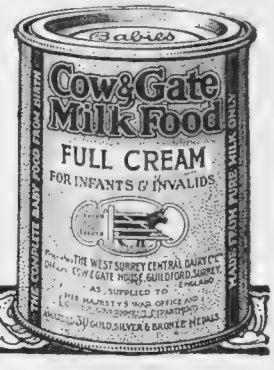

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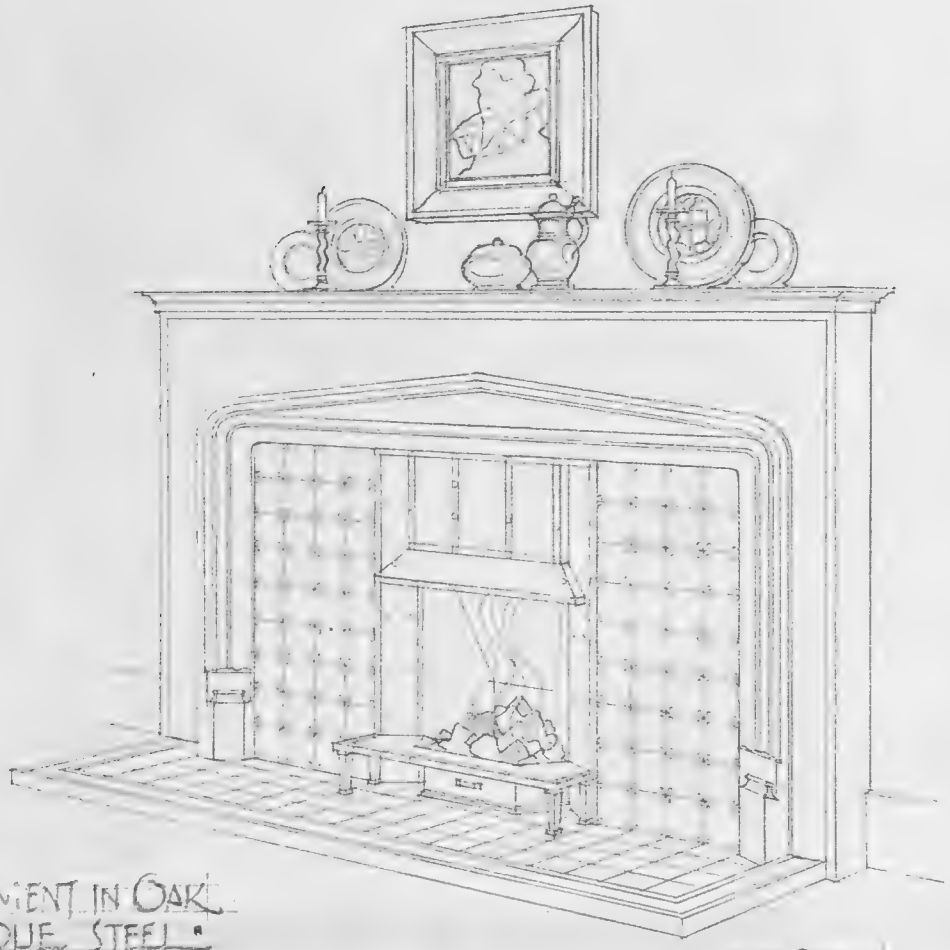

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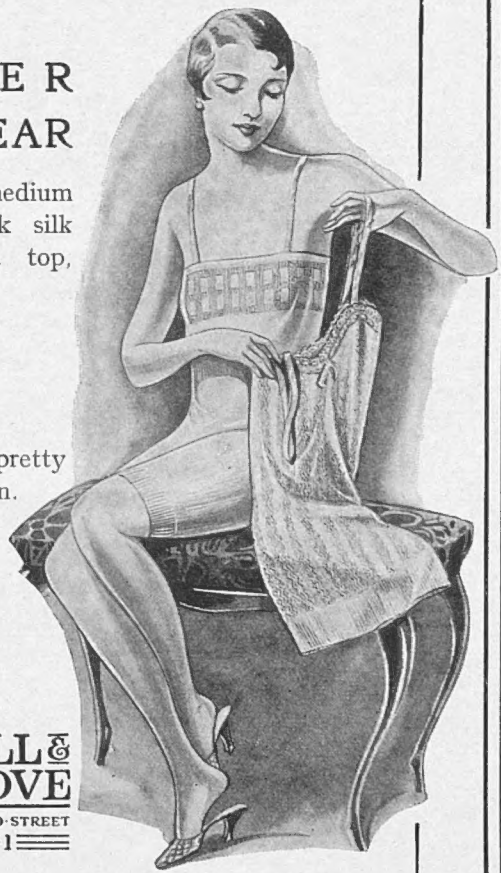

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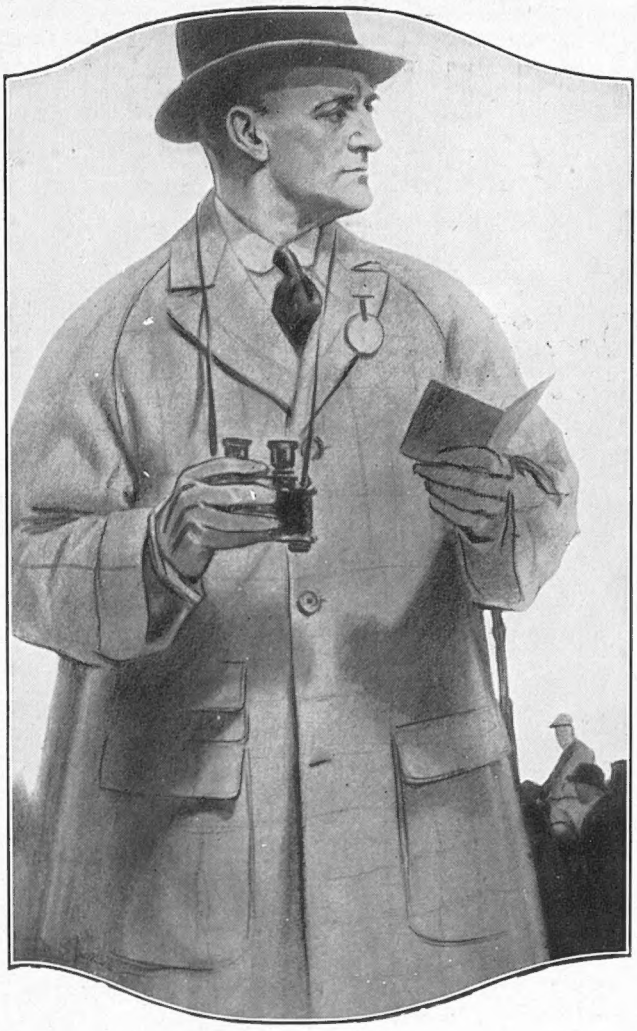

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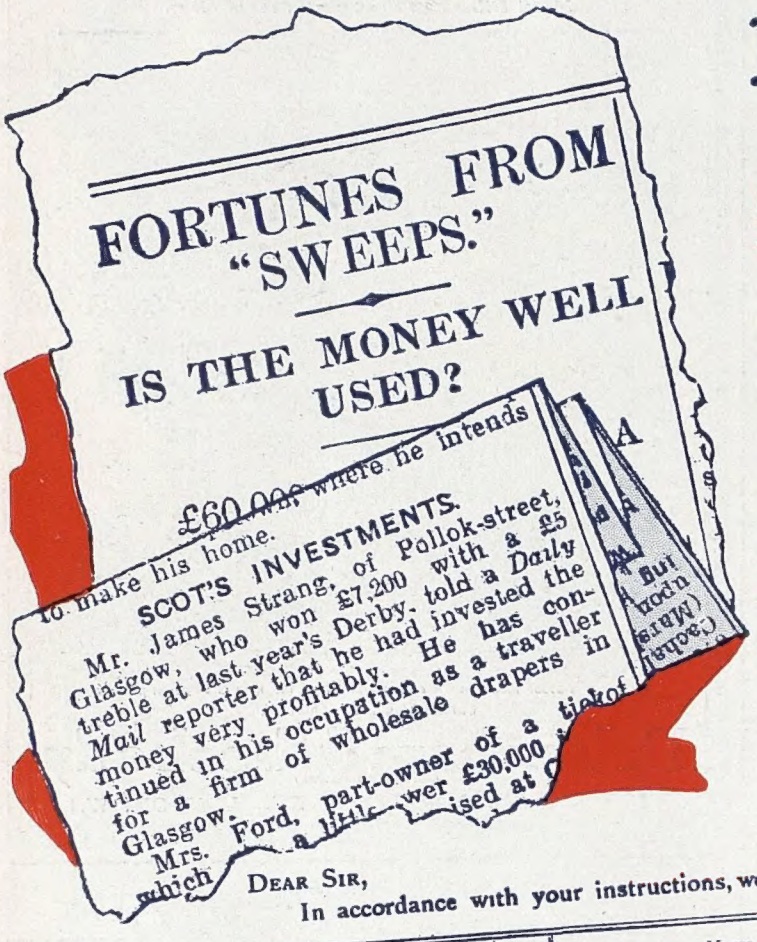

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